

NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES



3 3433 08252605 8

16<sup>th</sup> 2000. Some plate colored

No subject

Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2007 with funding from  
Microsoft Corporation

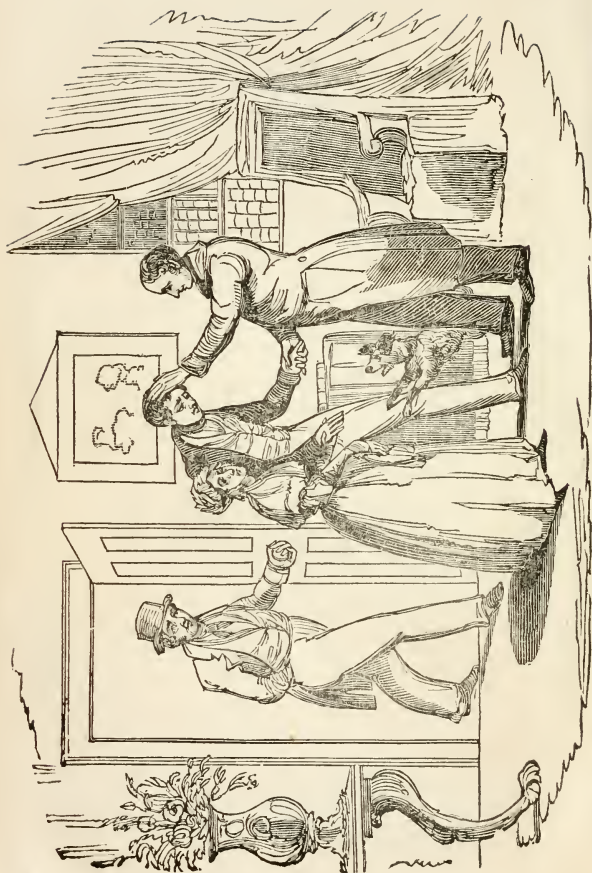
THE NEW YORK  
PUBLIC LIBRARY

<http://www.archive.org/details/alnomucorgoldenr00amor>

R

L

NAS  
Amory



*A. C. Thacheright.*

# ALNOMUC:

OR

THE GOLDEN RULE,

A

TALE OF THE SEA.

---

WITH TWENTY-FOUR ENGRAVINGS.

---

BOSTON:

PUBLISHED BY WEEKS, JORDAN & CO.

NEW YORK:

JOHN S. TAYLOR.

.....  
1837.

*abw*

THE NEW YORK  
PUBLIC LIBRARY

**250752B**

ASTOR, LENOX AND  
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

R

1943

L

---

Entered according to an act of Congress, in the year  
1837, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of  
Massachusetts.

---

## CONTENTS.



- CHAPTER I.—*The parting scene : the landsman's farewell and the sailor's farewell ; a rule also to guide those who embark on a long voyage, applicable to all who are sailing through the ocean of life, . . . . .* 5
- CHAPTER II.—*Home sickness : the landsman's introduction to his shipmates ; his feelings on taking a last view of his native land, and resolutions for the voyage, . . . . .* 17
- CHAPTER III.—*Sea sickness : its feelings and effects ; rough methods of cure ; application of the Golden Rule, .* 29
- CHAPTER IV.—*Old Sailor : some notice of him—his good qualities and roguish propensities, and the trouble the last brought upon him, . . . . .* 41
- CHAPTER V.—*The worth of a dog's good will : not to be despised ; kindness never thrown away even upon a dog, .* 53



- CHAPTER VI.—*Some account of one Land Crab : a crooked stick and an odd one, with more courage than a bolder man, . . . . .* 65
- CHAPTER VII.—*The Revenge : a villain ; Land Crab suffers for his honesty, . . . . .* 77
- CHAPTER VIII.—*The Christian's Revenge : application of the Golden Rule, . . . . .* 89
- CHAPTER IX.—*The Tempest : Ship between two seas ; great danger ; the courageous sailor ; benefit of the Golden Rule, . . . . .* 101
- CHAPTER X.—*The Indian : naked savages ; comical dress ; the sailor's love of tobacco, and economy in its use ; culprit saved from punishment, . . .* 113
- CHAPTER XI.—*The Conspiracy ; precautions on North-west coast : attack from natives : value of an Indian's gratitude ; results of the Golden Rule, . . .* 125
- CHAPTER XII.—*The Conclusion : the faithful wife ; the grateful chief : the many advantages of following the Golden Rule, . . . . .* 137



## CHAPTER I.

### THE PARTING SCENE.

“God bless you my boy,” said Mr. Dilloway laying his hand upon his son’s head. “May the God of your fathers be with you in all your wanderings and bring you back to your home in peace.”

George made no answer, for his feelings choked him ; his heart seemed to be in his throat, and he could not speak. He was just of age and about to leave his father’s house in the pursuits of commerce, for a far distant land. Before he should again visit the home of his childhood, he expected to measure the circumference of the earth in his wanderings, and that three several times would the sun perform his circuit, changing the seasons. Three times as the bright luminary moved southward, would the green leaf of summer put on the seared aspect of autumn, and its genial heats give way before the chilling blasts of winter. Three times

would the face of nature be gladdened by the mild influence of the spring ; and the seared leaf of autumn and cold winds of winter would for a while be forgotten, amid the smiling blossoms of the renovated year.

But would the change be confined to the face of nature ? George knew that it would not : before his return infancy would have progressed into childhood—childhood would have passed into youth—or youth be ripened into manhood : he could never again see his young friends as he had seen them ; all, all must be changed. But was he sure of meeting even the youngest of those he left behind !

Many a bright blossom of the spring is nipped by an untimely frost : and many a fond parent's hope, is claimed by the fell destroyer, in the first budding of its young existence. And what may come upon infancy, childhood and youth, is *sure* to come upon old age.

The tender plant may escape the frosts of spring, may flourish and become strong under the genial influence of summer, and

when mature it may bear abundant fruit at the harvest : but at length the blasts of autumn will shrivel its leaf and the frosts of winter bind up the current of its sap ; and it will become a dead and inert mass, as though it had not been.

George looked at his mother, the friend of his earliest days. Her delicate frame seemed unable to withstand the shocks of a boisterous world ; the lamp of life flickered, as if the first rude breath might extinguish it. He turned to his father : his tall and manly form was still erect and vigorous, but the frost was upon his temples, showing that the winter of his days had come ; and the hour could not be far distant, when the hoary head must bow and the vigor of manhood be extinguished in the grave. And how could he tell that that hour would be delayed till his return ! how then could he leave these his best friends, never perhaps to see them more on earth ! He felt that he could not.

The ship in which George Dilloway was to sail was then lying in the stream—the

anchor was apeak, and the sails hanging in festoons from the yards ready to be dropped at an instant's warning; then they must be sheeted home to drive the vessel to her far distant destination. George had been very earnest in preparation, and with the propensity to wander so natural to youth fully developed, had been looking forward to his expected adventures: but when the hour came, he found it was another thing than he had thought of, to leave the home of his youth and all the associations of his early love. And now but for very shame, he would have thrown by his preparations and his long cherished hopes. For a moment he deliberated, then stirred up his resolution and turned to go.

He could not speak, but squeezed a hand of each of his parents in one of his. His mother too, was overcome and could not restrain her sobs; but his father, with manly resolution endeavored to master his feelings, and said: "Stop a moment, my son, I have one word more to say before you leave us."

Mr. Dilloway was a sincere and single-minded Christian, who endeavored to regulate his life by the plain English of the Bible. He had sought to rear his son in the nurture and admonition of the Lord : his chief fear for his boy now was, that he would be forgetful of the instructions of his youth, and that the religious feeling which had begun to develope itself in his son, would be extinguished before it could ripen to the perfection of the Christian character. He had formerly been on a similar voyage to the one, on which George was about to embark ; and he well knew that it abounded in temptations and trials, which would often prove a severe test to Christian principle. Why he should have consented to expose his son to such an ordeal, has nothing to do with our present purpose : but the youth was going and the father's heart and prayers would go with him.

Mr. Dilloway remembered that on the voyage he must come in contact with many savage and half civilized people ; and he well knew the propensity of those who visit

such, to treat them with injustice : he was therefore anxious to impress upon his son the golden precept of his Saviour, by which if a man will rule his conduct, he shall be blessed himself and will prove a blessing to others.

“ My dear boy,” said the old gentleman, placing his hand upon his son’s head : “ I wish you always to remember one thing, and that is to do to others, as you would have others do to you.”

“ Yes, George,” said his mother smiling through her tears, “ and remember whose precept that is.”

George promised sincerely that he would endeavor to make this the rule of his conduct, and his father proceeded :

“ You will have daily,—yes, my son, hourly opportunities for the exercise of this most Christian principle on board your vessel : and when you arrive at the islands in the South Sea, or upon the Northwest Coast of America, the calls to act upon this rule will be much increased ; for you will then be among a race over whom civilization

will give you many advantages, but whose degradation is an additional claim upon you to treat them with tenderness.”

The old gentleman was here interrupted by the entrance of another person. It was no other than the captain in whose ship George was to sail. “Come, Geordie man, we are all holding on for you; the anchor’s under the fore foot, and the lads standing by to sheet home.—Come, come, I didn’t expect to find you blubbering like a whipt school-boy—hold up your head, man, pass your swab athwart your peepers, and get up your ground tackle: what’s quickest done, is soonest mended.”

Dick Darrick was an early friend of George Dilloway though by some years his senior, and the advantage of going in his company, was one inducement with George to undertake the voyage. Dick was a frank, honest hearted sailor, but somewhat rough and noisy withal; especially when by a boisterous carriage, he could hope to hide the workings of what he thought human



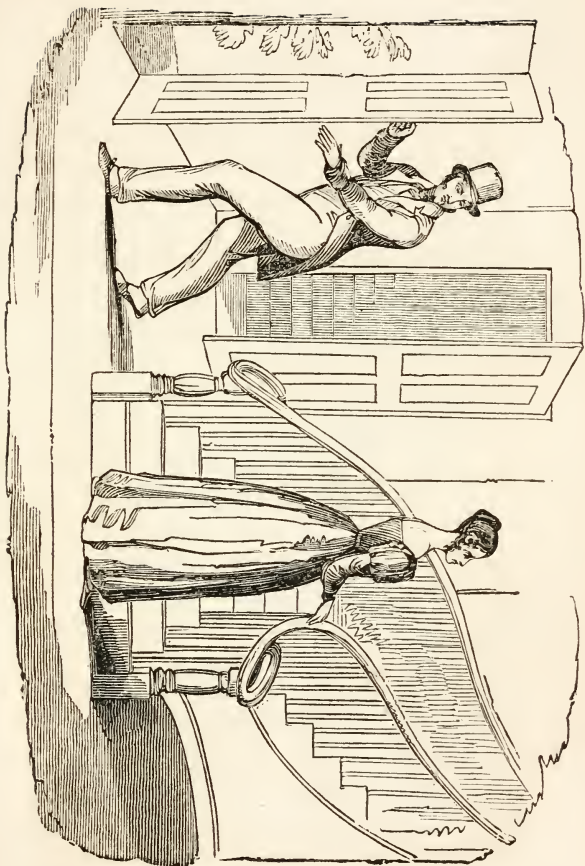
weakness. For though his weather-beaten frame seemed seasoned to the hardness of a pitch knot, yet had he all a woman's tenderness of heart. This was a source of some annoyance, for spite of himself, it would sometimes appear.

He was now going to take charge of a crew of hardy seamen, and therefore wished especially to avoid any appearance of what might seem an unmanly weakness. So it was at this time, that he was rather more noisy than usual. Besides he had found by experience that shortest leave-takings were always the best ; and for himself, he generally contrived to avoid them altogether.

When therefore, Mr. Dilloway proposed to accompany his son to the ship, he would not allow it—"No, no," he said, "we shall only have a second edition of blubbering there. You needn't fear, but George'll get his share of salt water before he comes back."

"But then, Mr. Darrick, he's to be gone so long!" exclaimed the mother.

"Long!—not at all. It may appear long



THE NEW YORK  
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND  
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

R

L

to look forward to, but we shall be back almost before you'll have a chance to think of us. Why, we'd take a turn round the world afore you'd spin a yarn half so long. Besides, he won't be back any the sooner, for making yourself uncomfortable about it. Now, how do you 'spose I took leave of my wife?"

"I'm sure I can't tell, Mr. Darrick!"

"Well, I'll tell ye, I just didn't take leave at all."

"But you intend to call home again, before you go on board?"

"Not I, indeed, I promise you!"

"Sure, Mr. Darrick, you wouldn't be gone three years without bidding your wife a good bye?"

"Wouldn't I!—That's just what I mean to do, I assure you ma'am. I'll tell you how I did—When the time came that I must go, I found I had left something up stairs—may be, I forgot it on purpose. So I goes up to fetch it, and the wife waits at the foot of the stairs to take leave as I come down—meantime I dives down the back

stairway, and out at another door. And she's waiting there now I 'spose, and I shall be under way afore she finds I'm gone : then she'll be mad enough, and that 'll do her good, and she won't think o' crying. She'll get over the mad when she finds there's no one to be mad with, so all 'll be right. Come along Geordie, it's time we were off."

"Mrs. Dilloway," continued Darrick, putting his head back through the door, "you'll have an eye upon the poor girl, won't you ; you know she'll have need of all the comfort her friends can give her." He withdrew his head, and hurried away without stopping to hear Mrs. Dilloway's assurances of kindness to his wife ; for he found the remembrance of his home began to unman him. He felt a sort of choking in his throat, and an odd sensation about his eyes, that warned him to be in motion, that he might keep the mastery of his feelings ; so he seized George's arms and hurried on towards the quay, where his boat was waiting for him to embark.

“ That Captain Darrick is a strange man Mr. Dilloway,” observed George’s mother after she had watched the two young men till a turn in the street caused them to disappear : “ Don’t you think it’s strange he would’nt let you go on board with the poor boy. And only think of his leaving his wife so, without letting her bid him good bye ! ”

“ His ways are a little different from what we’ve been accustomed to, my dear ; nevertheless he is a fine frank hearted fellow. George thinks highly of him, and I’ve a good deal of confidence in George’s judgment. As to his taking French leave of his wife, it may *appear* rather strange ; but I believe it is good policy, and calculated to save her pain as well as himself. It is quite common for seafaring men to leave their families thus abruptly. There is one thing, however, I could wish to see changed about Capt. Darrick : I fear he has but little religion, and that he allows himself in profanity, and perhaps in other sins.”

“ And our boy is to be his companion for

three years—Oh, Mr. Dilloway, suppose George was to learn his evil ways, would it not bring down our grey hairs with sorrow to the grave?”

“Let us hope better things, my dear. He is now gone, and we will trust him to God; we will never forget our son at the throne of grace, and our heavenly Father will not forget him. We will agree together to remember his companion in our prayers, and may we not hope God will turn him from the error of his ways—perhaps use our dear George to awaken his attention.

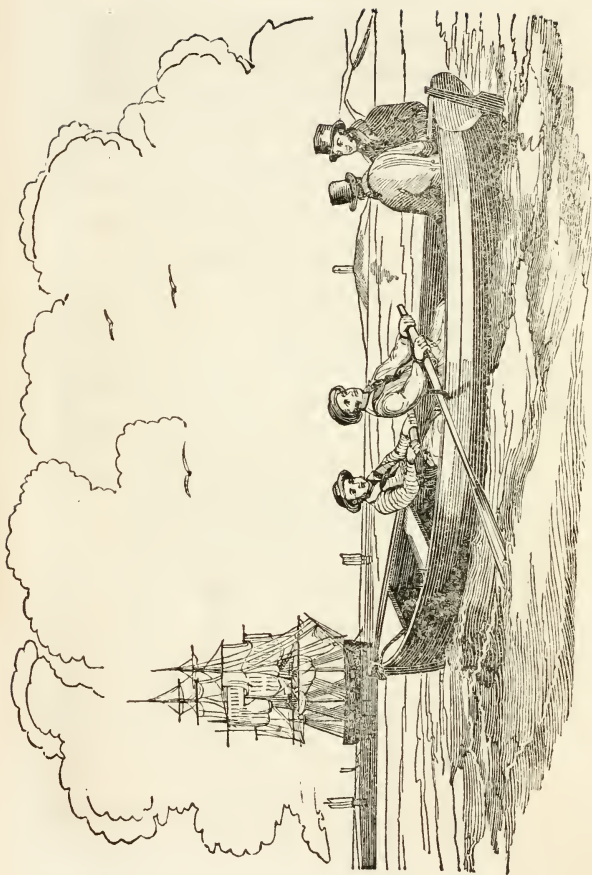
It was a great comfort to Mr. and Mrs. Dilloway to lay their cares upon the mercy seat: yet they could not but remember that their child had gone into the way of temptation, and that they had allowed him to go. Like every true Christian similarly situated, their consciences would not allow them to rest during the continuance of that long—long voyage.



THE NEW YORK  
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND  
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

R



## CHAPTER II.

## HOME SICKNESS.

GEORGE DILLOWAY hurried on with his friend Darrick after he left his father's house : neither spoke a word, for each was sufficiently occupied with his own thoughts. They were soon seated in the stern sheets of the ship's boat, and a few strokes of the oar carried them along-side. As they approached the vessel, Darrick laid his hand on his friend with a sailor's grip, and George started from his reverie. "Come Geordie," he said, "get your manly tacks aboard, my boy : don't let the tars see you piping your eye like a sick girl."

George manned himself as well as he could and followed captain Darrick, who had run up the side ladder the moment the boat touched. "Man your windlass, Mr. Barnacle," exclaimed the captain, as his foot touched the deck—"drop your main-top-sail boys,—sheet home.—Lend us a

hand Mr. Dilloway, to sheet home this top-sail : we must make a piece of a sailor of you afore we bring you back."

George ran to assist his friend, and pulled upon the topsail sheet with all his might ; for though he was going out as supercargo, he was determined, as captain Darrick said, to make himself a piece of a sailor.

By the time the captain, with the assistance of the cook and steward and one or two of the hands, had got the main-top-sail set, the anchor was at the bows ; and a stern voice was heard from the quarter deck : " Forward there—hoist away your jib."

It was the pilot, who had charge of the vessel until she should be clear of the harbor : captain Darrick having interested his friend in ship's duty, now went below, leaving George eagerly engaged in assisting the seamen. Sail after sail was set, and no one was more busy than the supercargo : he ran wherever he saw others running, pulled when others pulled ; but sometimes he'd let go a wrong rope, and thus bring himself

into disgrace. He was very active, and of course contented, and amused the sailors not a little by the rapid striding of his long legs and the flying of his coat tails.

The lofty spars were soon covered with their clouds of canvass, and the seaman were called to trim the yards. George, with a parcel more of land-lubbers, followed two or three old tars to the main-brace; but it was in vain the sailors tried to make them lay out their strength together: they were like a company of militia at a regimental training, where one gun will go off after another, as if the unruly squad had entered into a combination that no two should fire at once. First the seamen would pull—then George would pull and the green hands in his rear, would each in his turn give a pull. “Ho yo—all together boys,” exclaimed the sailors: but the song and the exhortation were alike useless. It was evident the landsmen had no ear for the music, and the tars consoled themselves for doing all the work, by laughing at the scattering legs

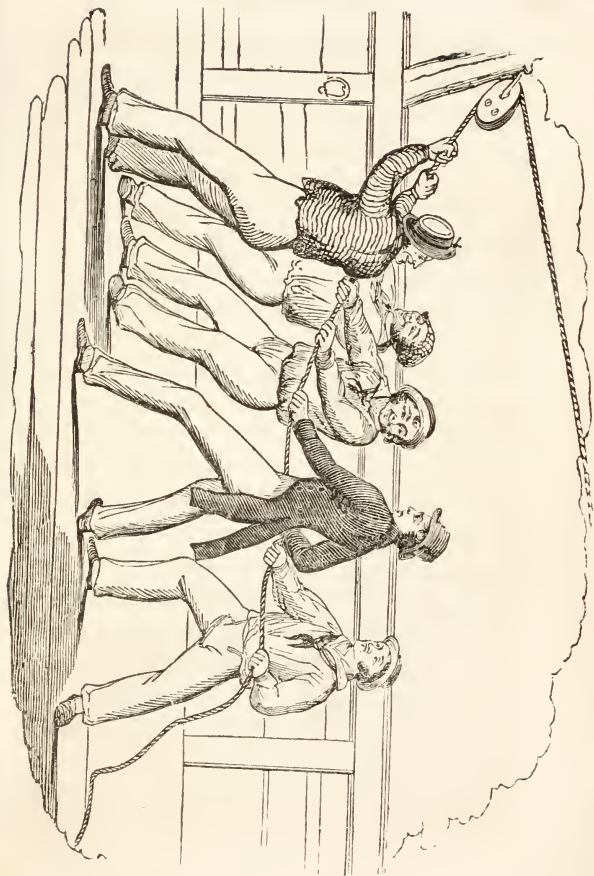
and uncouth attempts of the awkward squad behind them.

George's long shanks spread across the deck, afforded an especial deal of amusement to the jolly tars ; though it was only by sly looks at one another, and oblique glances at the supercargo's nether man, that they ventured to show their merriment. Nevertheless, they liked the frank bearing of the young man, and were pleased with his vigorous movements, and the readiness with which he joined in ship's duty.

"I say Bob," exclaimed Bill Driver, as soon as George was out of hearing, "we've got a long spliced chap for a quill-driver, this time?"

"A likely lad, Bill," replied Bob Ringtail : "that lad's got the frame work for a man I can tell you ; and a pritty man he'll make, arter he spreads more and gits his bones hardened a bit."

"It may be Bob, if he'd only doff them 'are long togs, and get his gearing a little more shipshape, it may be, he'd be a pritty lad."





THE NEW YORK  
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR LENOX AND  
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

3

L

“Never fear man, he’ll doff the swallow-tail or he’s been on blue water a bit : and he’ll make a sailor too, you may depend ; it won’t be long or he’ll be the first at a weather earring.”

“That’s like enough Bob ; for he’s only to stand on the rail and lift up his hands to the top-sail yard. It ’ll be handy having sich a long-spliced chap when any thing goes foul aloft.

George was not taller than a number of others on board the *Alnomuc* ; but his slender form and citizen’s dress, made him appear very tall to some of the seamen. He was about six feet in height, and though his frame was not as yet developed, his heavy limbs gave indication of his becoming a stout man. Though his station on board did not require him to be employed in ship’s duty, both his mind and his person were too active to allow him to remain idle. He therefore joined with his whole heart in the same labors as the seamen, and determined before he returned home, to make himself a complete sailor.

While he had been busily engaged with the others in trimming the ship's sails, he was too much occupied to feel home sick. But at last every rope was belayed in its right place, the rigging coiled up, and all was snug : the ship had now cleared the harbor, and the crew were intent in watching the boat which approached to take the pilot from the vessel. The beautiful pilot boat skimmed along the water with a graceful movement ; and though, like the seamen, he could not judge of her particular qualities, George still admired the symmetry of her model, and the swift easy motion with which she cut her way through the waves.

But there was another interest belonging to the boat besides that attached to her beauty and grace. She would be the last means of communication with the shore, that shore on which were centred all George's affections : there was the home of his youth, and there, the dear friends of his early days were even then, mourning his absence.

As the pilot shook hands with him and stepped over the gangway, George had half

a mind to follow, for he knew he would not have another chance to change his mind. As the little schooner bore up for the shore, George went after her with his eyes until a point of land hid her from his view. He now walked aft to the quarter deck and seated himself upon an hencoop, while his heart wandered after the pilot boat towards the home of his childhood.

The hoary head of his aged father was still before his mind, and he well remembered his last words : the precept this kind parent had taught him, he resolved should be the rule of his conduct on the present voyage. He now silently poured out his heart to his father's God to enable him ; for though he was still young, his experience had shown him that of his own unassisted strength, he could do nothing.

He remembered that just as he left the house, his mother had slipped something into his pocket. He felt for it and drew it forth : it was a small Bible. He opened the sacred volume—on a blank leaf was written, “ my son, give me thine heart : ”

it was his mother's hand, and the tears dimmed his sight as he looked at it. He passed his handkerchief across his eye and again he read : " my son, if sinners entice thee consent thou not." George thought that he should have abundant occasion to remember these precepts on the voyage upon which he had embarked : perhaps it was happy for him that they were now brought to his mind, enforced by the parental sanction, while his heart was softened by the remembrance of his home. While the Christian father and mother were praying for their absent son, that son was calling to mind their instructions, and making resolutions to guide himself by them. The same God was present with them upon the land, and at the same moment, watching their boy as he floated over the blue wave : and he was as safe under the Almighty's care while riding the heaving billows, as they were at rest on the firm rooted earth.

George was almost unconscious of what was passing around him, for his heart was wandering about the precincts of his father's

house. He still held his Bible in his hand though he did not attempt to read : the book was precious to him for it contained the law of his God ; it was precious too, as the parting gift of his dear mother. As he sat thus ruminating sadly, he observed a tear fall upon the page which was open before him : he carefully wiped it off and deposited the book in his pocket, but still continued the train of thought to which it had given rise. He remembered that his father had commended that book to him, as containing the chart by which he was to direct his course through the troubled ocean of time, if he would find a safe harbor in eternity. He determined to take advantage of the leisure afforded by the present voyage, to secure a better knowledge of this chart.

George Dilloway was roused from his reveire by a blow which seemed to threaten the dislocation of all his joints. It proceeded from the heavy hand of captain Darrick which had fallen between his shoulders : "Wake up, wake up man," exclaimed the captain, "don't sit moping there.

Come George tell us what you were dreaming of."

"I was thinking of the folks at home, Dick."

"Aye—and been piping your eye like a home sick school-gall. Now stir about a little and be more of a man."

"Ah, Darrick, it's hard to leave the old folks for so long a time, and how can I tell that I shall ever see them again?"

"It's true enough George, but it's no use blubbering about it. After all they'll be just as safe as if you were with them: never fear but you'll find every thing right when you return, and all the merrier for a short separation. You see, it's no use making trouble afore it comes."

"It's easy enough to talk, Darrick, but you've parted with no kind parents or you would n't think it so easy."

Darrick seated himself by George's side and fixed his dark eye on the countenance of his friend. "'Tis true George as you say, my old folks have been gone many a year, and I can scarce remember them at



all, save that I've an indistinct recollection of my mother's kind look. But do you think it's *nothing* to leave a young wife when she's been a bride but a few short months—to leave her too with the time so near when she'll want all the support that I could give her." Captain Darrick felt his sight grow dim as a tear rose in his eye.

"Pshaw, this is nonsense:" he muttered to himself as he rose and walked away. For a few moments he passed with hasty strikes up and down the deck, then in a set voice gave some orders to the seamen, and turned to take his last look of the land which was fast passing away in the distance.

Though they were thus overcome at the remembrance of the friends they had left, let it not be supposed that these young men were effeminate or wanting in manly firmness. Captain Darrick's weather-beaten features bore the impress of many a storm; and his was an heart to meet danger with calmness and to overcome it by resolutions.

George Dilloway was an high spirited youth but not as yet inured to toil and danger.

Neither is it *ever* a mark of weakness, to be alive to the tender sympathies of our nature. It will always be found that that heart beats with the manliest motion, which is the most awake to the kindly influences of those ties which bind a man to his race : while the mind governed by selfishness, is the one which quails in danger and shrinks from suffering with a craven fear. Thus it is that religion, while it softens the heart and quickens its affections, at the same time nerves it to action, and prepares it calmly to meet every evil and to brave death itself without shrinking.

## CHAPTER III.

## SEA SICKNESS.

“COME Mr. Dilloway,” said captain Darrick, “come have your last look at your native land. We must take a round turn about old Neptune’s dominions, afore you’ll have a chance to see it again.” Captain Darrick was leaning over the quarter deck observing the change in the receding coast as the ship changed her bearings. George was still sitting on the hencoop, but as his friend spoke he arose and went towards him, staggering however, and reeling from the motion of the vessel, which as yet he did not understand. “Why Geordie,” said the captain as the young man came up, “you make rather a circumbendibus in your course : if I were to steer the ship that way, it would take us a while to get back where we are now.”

“Why the sea’s so rough, that I can’t stand upon my legs, Dick !”

“ Well, well, if you call this a rough sea ! why—it’s as smooth as a mill pond—all but. You’ll get your sea legs my boy in a day or two, and then you won’t mind a little bobbing of the water.”

There was a marked difference in the appearance of the two young men, as they leaned over the ship’s rail watching the distant looming of that land where were all that each held dear.

The sailor’s was a short figure ; but what was wanting in height was compensated by the spread of the shoulders, like a Dutch galliot whose breadth of beam is in an inverse proportion to her length of keel. By his side, his friend George was full six feet in height, his slender figure forming a marked contrast to the broad weather-seasoned frame of his companion.

Captain Darrick’s dark features, made still darker by exposure to a tropical sun, his raven locks and piercing black eye, marked the country of his mother ; for Darrick’s father like himself a wanderer, had brought his wife from the sunny shores of

Italy. In his friend George the Saxon blood predominated as was manifested by his blue eye and sandy hair. His complexion too, though somewhat sunburnt, appeared light and delicate by the side of the swarthy captain.

Nor was there less difference in the bearing of the two : George's gentle but frank and easy manners, contrasted strongly with the abrupt and boisterous ways of the hardy seaman.

The land had not yet disappeared, when the grinning face of the black steward displayed its two rows of polished ivory above the companion. "Massa captin, dinner saar," he said, and dove again below the deck. George Dilloway and the captain followed : and when they had dined, the latter and his officers went on deck again, leaving George alone.

Several heavy thumps on the ship's side while they were eating, gave indication that the sea was rising : and to say the truth, though he was far from confessing it, until

George learned the cause of these noises, they excited not a little consternation in his mind. He felt no inclination to follow his friend to the deck ; for the close air of the cabin, together with the increased motion of the vessel, had wrought such perturbation in the inner man, that he was not disposed to move at all.

At first he felt listless and inert, and his mind was confused : he could only hold on by such things as were in his way, to prevent the sea from pitching him out of his seat. Presently he perceived indications of sickness and his head began to swim : he thought he would get to his berth while yet he was able.

He rose, but at that moment the vessel made a sudden lurch to leeward and disconcerted all his calculations. He lost all command of his own motions—seizing on the table to steady himself, he took that with him ; for as yet it had not been properly secured. Chairs followed ; chests and trunks had been piled carelessly together in the hurry of departure, but were now pitched over,







and with George's legs and arms, formed one common heap on the lee side of the cabin. Luckily the poor wight contrived to dive into his own state room, the sides of which protected him in a measure from being injured in the *mélee*.

When the steward found that the moveables in the cabin were under way, he hastened to the scene of disorder; for he knew he would be blamed for not having secured them. "Oh dear—oh dear—what Massa captin—say?" he exclaimed, but hearing George's groans from amid the confusion of chairs and boxes, he hastened to his relief. "Misser Dilloway hurt heeself?" he asked, lifting the youth from his uncomfortable position.

"Oh no, steward," replied George, "but I'm dreadful sick!" And indeed he was too feeble to help himself: so the steward undressed him and lifted him into his berth, telling him to lay upon his back and he'd feel more comfortable. He *did* find himself much easier after he had lain down, and very grateful was he to the steward for his

assistance. "That poor negro," he said to himself, "understands the golden rule of doing as he'd be done by ; he has left all his things tumbling about the cabin to help me, and if I ever have a chance I'll show him kindness in return." This led him to think that perhaps that chance would never occur : he felt so sick—so very sick, that he believed it impossible he could live long. Then he turned his thoughts to another friend, through whose kindness it was that he could look forward to death without fear—even the blessed Jesus, who had purchased salvation for him at so great a sacrifice.

George Dilloway felt so miserable, that he *cared* not to live : he had but one wish, and that was to see his parents before he died and receive their blessing. "Oh," he said, "it was unkind in me, to leave them in their old age : it was not acting according to that rule which my father taught me."

The steward was now busy restoring order to the cabin : every moveable article

had fetched away, and lay in a heap to leeward. The negro comforted himself with the reflection that they could go no further, but what to take hold of first he could not tell. As he was considering, he caught sight of Bob Ringtail passing the companion-way, and called to him: "I say dere, shipmate, gib us a leetle help to s'kure dese 'ere tings!"

"To be sure I will, my beauty," replied Bob, and he dove into the cabin; and by his assistance every thing was soon securely lashed. George felt glad that it was done before the captain came down, as it would have brought reproof upon the steward had his negligence been discovered.

The steward continued to be very attentive and kind to George, as were also the captain and officers of the ship; but it was little that could be done for the alleviation of sea sickness. "After all, my dear boy," said captain Darrick when he had been administering something for his relief, "time and patience must effect the cure."

George said he was so sick, he thought he

could not get well.—“Never fear, my hearty, you’re not going to settle accounts with Davy yet : you’re tougher than you think for.” George thought they were very kind to take so much care of him ; but he was so utterly wretched, he did not believe it was possible he could ever be well again.

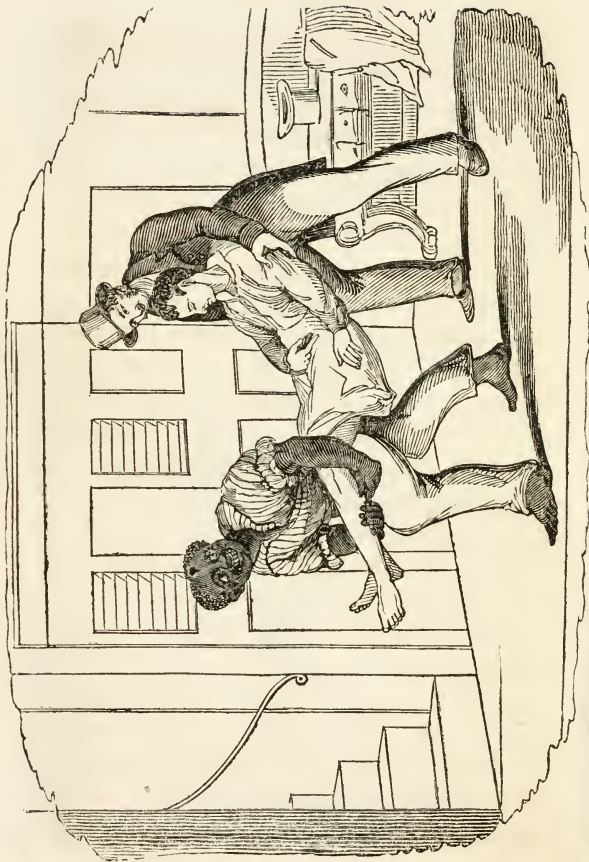
Two days he laid in his berth so miserable, that almost his only wish was that he might die. On the third day captain Darrick changed his course towards his young friend : and George thought his treatment was not such as he would have been pleased to receive in like circumstances. Nevertheless the good captain meant well, and acted wisely : he was still showing kindness in his own rough way.

“Well Geordie, how are you to day ?” asked the captain, in his usual noisy and blunt manner.

“Just alive, Darrick, and that’s all.”

“That’s all nonsense, George, come cheer up. It’s a fine pleasant day, and a breath of fresh air would make you quite another





man. So stir yourself a bit and show your nose on deck."

"Oh, I'm so weak I can't stir. It's of no use to talk about it, Dick?"

"Well, if you can't go, I must carry you;" so saying the captain lifted him from the berth, while George who had no strength to resist, could only beg to be left alone. Dick Darrick being among the shortest of men, and his burden being rather long withal, he found it rather difficult to manage, especially as George's legs and arms hung like the limbs of a rag doll: so the captain called the steward to his assistance: "Come here Marino, and pick up some of these scattering legs. Why you grin, you blue rascal, as if you thought it was a good joke to be sea sick!"

"Tink it do Massa George good when he hab sumb fresh air," the negro replied.

George thought they were very cruel while they were lugging him upon deck, and that they acted not at all according to the golden rule. But when his friend had wrapped him in his watch coat and seated

him upon the hencoop, he began to feel the invigorating influence of the sea air. Then, he was ready to acknowledge that the treatment he had received, though rather unceremonious, was founded in kindness : he was refreshed and encouraged, and for the first time for several days, felt that he had still something to do upon the earth.

Revived by the fresh air, George was unwilling to return to the closeness of the cabin. The steward therefore brought him up his clothes and assisted to put them on. Having then taken something to eat for the first time for three days, he felt much recruited, and thought himself strong enough to walk the deck. But his legs were weak and tottered under him, for as yet he was not accustomed to the motion of the sea : the first lurch of the ship sent him to leeward, and he might have been severely hurt, had not his friend Darrick caught him and warned him to be more careful.

The warning however was not needed, for George was in no hurry to trust himself to his legs again : he seated himself, and found abundance to occupy his attention in



the novelty of his situation. It was strange to look about and see nothing but a wide expanse of water on every side. To one accustomed to look only on the unchanging features of land scenery, there was something new in the restless motion of the waves. Our voyager watched swell after swell as it arose, and then followed it with his eyes till it was lost in the distant horizon. "How far will it go before it stops," thought George, as he watched the rise and fall of a heavy swell which was passing off to the eastward.

"How far," replied Dick Darrick, for George had unconsciously thought aloud, "that swell is bound to the coast of Africa, and it will soon be there unless it should bounce against some island on the way."

"One would think heavy billows like these, must overwhelm the land after going so far, and with so much force one after another!"

"We might think so perhaps if we did not know to the contrary. Why they don't I'm sure we can't tell."

"I can tell you Dick: 'tis because He who

made these waters, holds them in the hollow of *his* hand."

"Well they'll burst with fury enough when they reach the shore, for all that."

"Yes, but the Almighty has made laws by which the proud waters must be governed: he has marked a line which they cannot pass. He says to the sea, thus far shalt thou go and no farther, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed. And who is there Darrick, but the same God, to withhold this sea from swallowing *us* up: and yet I find you allow His name to be blasphemed on board this ship!"

"Why Geordie, we are just as safe here as you'd be in your father's house."

"To be sure we are perfectly safe every where, if God wills us to be so. You feel confidence no doubt in your own skill and knowledge of the sea; but that can only protect you by his sufferance. I tell you, Darrick—I shouldn't feel safe in my father's house, while profaning God's holy name. To man too, yes, to proud man, does God say: 'Thus far shalt thou go, and 'tis at his peril that he oversteps the bound.'"

## CHAPTER IV.

## OLD SAILOR.

THERE was one character on board the *Alnomuc* that was a prime favorite with all hands. He was allowed to associate alike with the captain and officers on the quarter deck, and with Jack Tar upon the fore-castle: he was sure to be well received at whichever end of the ship he made a visit. His favorite haunt however, was about the cook's galley, from which the *Doctor* would sometimes disburse the odd end of a seapie or some scraps of duff, very pleasant to the gustatory organs of Old Sailor.

I have said his visits were always well received fore and aft, and yet he was treated to many a kick by his friends, when in their hurry he happened to be in the way: this not unfrequently happened, as nothing could be done on board the ship without his, I was going to say, having a hand in it: at any rate he always wanted to do his

part. When topsails were to be reefed or any other thing to be done to the sails, though he did not go aloft, he was as busy as any one about the deck.

These sort of compliments were well received on the part of Old Sailor : for he was not one of those foolish fellows who quarrel with an acquaintance for every little affront. So he pocketed the kicks and said nothing about them ; and the next time he met the person who bestowed them, he was as cordial as ever.

This was acting in something very like a Christian spirit : alas that it can only be told of a dumb brute. It is to be feared Christians are seldom so far Christian, as to pocket an affront so as never to let it be seen that they remember it. But Sailor wagged his tail none the less because he had been kicked.

Old Sailor was the name of a large Newfoundland dog belonging to captain Darrick, which had accompanied him on several voyages. He was a great pet of his master's and like all pets somewhat troublesome,

being a busy body as aforesaid. With George he soon became a prime favorite, and in return the dog became very fond of the young man, for George never treated him unkindly : he was not ashamed to exercise towards a brute, the golden rule he had resolved should govern his conduct towards his fellow men. Indeed because he was a brute, was the more reason he should have patience with him, since the poor beast could not be supposed to understand all that was required. Moreover George thought there was no harm, in gaining the friendship even of a dog : if he was to fall overboard he knew that Old Sailor would be the first to go over after him : indeed captain Darrick assured him, that the faithful animal had already saved the lives of two men.

Sailor had got to be quite an old sea dog, and withal was quite expert in many parts of ship's duty—the seamen declared that he was of more use to them than some of the green horns on board ; for when they were pulling a rope together, the dog would pull

with the rest ; which the landsmen could not be made to do.

Old Sailor had no idea of enjoying a sinecure on board the ship : whenever a brace was to be hauled, or any rope he could come at, he was sure to have hold of the fag end : and he laid out his strength most vigorously, and kept time with the song. And if the seamen kept the rope from him he let them know that he was not to be so baulked : for then he would take hold of one of the sailors by the seat of his trowsers, and thus took care to add his whole weight to whatever they were hauling upon.

However it isn't to be denied, that Old Sailor made himself more busy than useful. He was often much in the way when any thing was to be done in a hurry, scampering among the men's legs as they ran about the deck in the performance of ship's duty : not unfrequently too, was he very provoking by the pertinacity with which he would keep his hold of a rope and prevent its being belayed. Moreover the mischievous propensities of his race, were often exhibit-

ed in the destruction of any article that might happen to be in his way—by chewing up a hat or a shoe for instance, and by other doggish tricks not to be tolerated in a well regulated ship.

The tars bore with much patience, the many frailties of their friend in consideration of his good companionable qualities ; though each was disposed to repay his provocations with a kick, when he was the sufferer : and indeed it was no trifling matter to have their clothing destroyed, bound as they were upon a three years voyage.

The captain too, bore with exemplary good nature many delinquencies on the part of his faithful dog, forgiving his transgressions in consideration of his many good qualities. Sundry times had the rascal stolen a slipper from his master's foot, and made off with his prize : nor could it be recovered, till by dint of mastication, he had left neither form nor comeliness to it.

Though captain Darrick would scold at the time, he still neglected to have the delinquent tied up, although he had often threatened it. At last the transgressions of

Old Sailor were fulfilled, and he was committed to close confinement.

One forenoon, captain Darrick called his officers to assist him in getting an observation. He brought up his nautical almanac and laid it upon the weather hencoop, and with his sextant in his hand, walked to leeward to obtain his distance. Scarce had he put the instrument to his eye when the alarm was given, that the dog was engaged in mischief.

When the captain came on deck, Old Sailor was gnawing a bone by the cook's galley. He saw the book deposited and his master walk away : it was a rare chance for mischief—sweeter to him, than the bone he was gnawing. His penchant was not to be restrained—slowly he walked off and demurely, till he came upon the quarter deck : then casting his eye over his back to see that the coast was clear for a run, he lifted the book carefully from the hencoop and began to walk deliberately forward.

“The dog has your almanac sir !” exclaimed the man at the helm.

The captain turned—the mate was for-





THE NEW YORK  
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND  
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

R

L

ward getting an altitude of the moon : " Head that dog in, Mr. Barnacle," exclaimed the captain, and himself gave chase to the thief from the rear, while the mate sprang round the stern of the boat to make sure of him that way.

When Sailor perceived that his larceny was discovered he quickened his pace a little, at the same time keeping one eye turned back upon his master. Presently he found his retreat cut off and that he had enemies on both sides to contend with ; but he was not disconcerted. One spring carried him to the top of the pile of spare spars, and diving behind them, he disappeared beneath the boat. Captain Darrick dashed after him as far as he could : but he gained nothing save a few hairs from the end of poor Sailor's tail, which thing he had seized upon as the dog passed under the keel of the long boat. The captain now could only scold : and that Sailor cared little for, being beyond his reach.

And now the fellow was not comeatable except by removing the spars : and before

that could be done, he would have abundant time to destroy the book. He was hid from sight except his nose and one eye above it, leering at his master : it was provoking enough to see the rascal masticating the moon's distances, and the altitude of the heavenly bodies, on the knowledge of which the art of navigation is founded ; and without which, it would be almost impossible to direct the ship upon her voyage. However Sailor continued the work of destruction without any regard to consequences, and he left not the book till it was ground as fine as if it had passed through a paper mill.

Fortunately captain Darrick had taken the precaution to bring several copies of the almanac : but he felt that it would not do to expose himself to such accidents, which might prove exceedingly detrimental to his voyage.

After dinner, the captain came on deck and as usual, Sailor went aft to secure a little notice ; for captain Darrick usually

brought up some nuts or other little articles in his pocket, which he amused himself by throwing for the dog to catch. Sailor evidently had forgotten the mischief in which he had been engaged, or he trusted that his master had forgotten it. But scarce had he begun to fawn and to wag his tail when he was reminded that his fault was still remembered, and that the time of retribution had come. His master's hand fell heavily upon his neck: his conscience reminded him of his iniquity, and he crouched upon the deck, doubtless hoping by submission to disarm his master's wrath. The tail was now deposited between his legs, while slowly and sneakishly, he crawled by the side of captain Darrick, and was chained to the spot where he had done the mischief.

"There," said Darrick, "you shall stay by the scene of your iniquity, and you'll remember what you're punished for." The dog evidently understood the meaning of the operation, and submitted meekly to his punishment.

"You seem to calculate a beneficial re-

sult from the exercise of the poor dog's conscience," said George Dilloway, who had witnessed the operation.

"To be sure I do : I don't know any thing more likely to produce a reform than to connect the punishment with the fault."

"And in men as well as dogs," said George, "if conscience can be awakened in *time*. Sooner or later it *must* be—in time or in eternity."

"Aye Geordie, I dare say you'll make a fine sarмонт out of the poor dog's pecadillo ! "

"Certainly, we can find matter enough if we've a mind to improve it."

"Well Geordie, let's hear what you can make of it."

"In the first place I observed, that Old Sailor seemed to think himself very smart, when he had stolen your almanac : and he appeared much amused, while he was tearing it in pieces, and thought himself safe from punishment. In like manner I have often observed that men think it very witty to commit sin, and seem much tickled with

their own smartness while they are doing it; and afterwards they make their boast of it."

"Very well,—go on."

"When their iniquity is accomplished they think it is done with, and let it pass from their mind; just as the dog seemed to forget he had been in mischief, when he came to you after dinner. But when he found his transgression was remembered, and that the time of retribution had arrived, he dropped his tail between his legs and sneaked along behind you to receive his punishment. He looked silly enough, and I dare say began to think his trick was not quite so witty as he had thought at first.—Even so sneakish will the sinner feel when he sees that his iniquity is not forgotten, and finds the hour of his calamity is upon him. Captain Darrick, how do you think an unrepentant sinner, can stand before the judgment seat at the last day; will he not be more crestfallen than was your poor dog? Will not his conscience goad him with his sins while he feels upon him, the eye of that God who, he knows, will surely punish him for them?"

“ I must confess George, it makes me feel ugly to think of it.”

“ And yet Dick, if you die unrepentant you will find, the thought is not half so appalling as the reality will prove. Ah, how can the naked soul appear before the Eternal with all its sins uncovered. But clothed with Christ’s righteousness it may appear, and with joy take its place at the Saviour’s right hand. What folly then for a sinful creature to neglect making preparation for that day.”



## CHAPTER V.

## THE WORTH OF A DOG'S GOOD WILL.

OLD SAILOR, though he submitted to his sentence as well as he could, felt his confinement a very grievous punishment. When any of the crew passed him he was sure to come out to secure a little notice; and after he had followed them to the length of his chain, he would mourn and whine because he could go no further, and much sympathy and compassion he excited among the seamen.

He was like many a frank-hearted jolly old soul, of whom it is said, "a better man may be better spared." So it was with Old Sailor; his social qualities were much valued by the tars: and though he would tear their jackets and eat up their hats and shoes, they were willing to overlook these peccadilloes in regard to his good companionship. And one thing the tars observed of him; he was never known to steal a "chaw of tobacco."

The third day of Sailor's confinement, with one accord they resolved to send a petition to captain Darrick for his release, promising to become guarantee for his good behavior. The captain did not feel much confidence in the reformation of the culprit, nor did he feel much security in the guaranty of the seamen : nevertheless he was glad of the opportunity to release his old favorite from durance, and determined to guard against his roguery by keeping things out of his way.

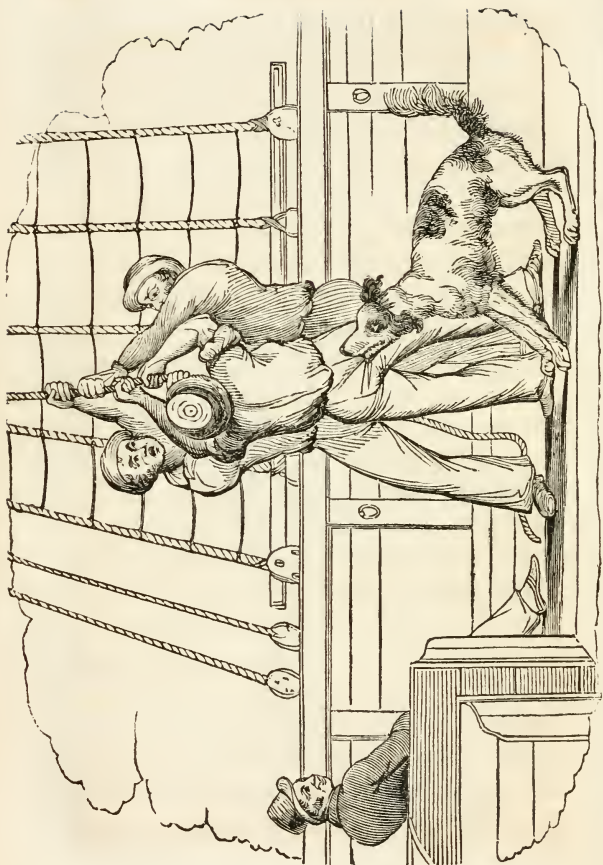
Bob Ringtail was the principal agent in effecting the release of Old Sailor : and soon after he cast him loose, he was called with some others to haul up the mainsail ; the dog hastened to do his share of the work. Since he was let loose, he had been flying about deck like a dog possessed, and no sooner did he see the seamen take hold of the clewline than he ran to join.

Now Bob Ringtail was a bit of a dandy in his way, and withal very particular about the set of his trowsers, the lower parts of which were large enough to be a couple of

THE NEW YORK  
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND  
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

L



meal bags, but above they were snug as his skin. Indeed I may say much snugger, for the canvass was drawn as taught as a drum head. This being the case, and Bob being the only one handy to lay hold of, it is no wonder Old Sailor found it necessary to give a sharp grip : in his eagerness he bit a little too close, and nipped a portion of the seaman's flesh together with the canvass.

This attack upon his rear was altogether unexpected by Bob, in the suddenness of his surprise he uttered an exclamation, and his fist fell like a thunder bolt upon the head of Old Sailor.

"Hi spi, Hi spi," cried the dog and immediately commenced a retreat. Bob followed up and sought to ease the pain of his nether man by bestowing sundry hearty kicks upon the hinder end of Old Sailor.

"Well Sailor," said George Dilloway, "that's returning evil for good, and not at all like a grateful dog."

Old Sailor was now much worse than before, and seemed possessed with the very spirit of mischief : before the day was out,

it was again found necessary to order his confinement.

This time George sought to have him released. "You'll be the first to suffer for it George," said captain Darrick, "just as Bob was yesterday."

"Well let him free, Darrick," replied his friend, "and I shall be willing to take my chance: and with the captain's consent, George soon liberated the old dog.

Dick Darrick's prophecy was soon fulfilled. It was not long before George was assisting two of the men to set the spanker: the throat of the gaff was almost up, and he took a turn with the halliards under a pin while the seamen swayed away upon them. The operation did not escape the notice of Old Sailor, who hastened to secure his share of the fun.

Now George was by no means so snug in his gearing as Bob Ringtail: more especially the long flaps of his coat flying in the wind, were just the thing Sailor wanted. It might appear to the old dog, that they were made on purpose for him to haul by:

at any rate he was not long in appropriating them. But the cloth was not calculated for such service; and moreover it was a veteran garment whose strength was decayed by age: it is no wonder then, when Sailor pulled with might and main, that the stitches should give way.

George could not let go the rope to prevent his skirts being torn from him; but he belayed it in time to save them from being carried off by the dog to be munched up at his leisure, as was doubtless the intention of the old reprobate when he found himself possessed of the prize.

George Dilloway looked dolefully over his shoulder at the shorn honors of his coat: the dog looked too, and the lurking laughter of his eye shew that the brute thought it a very good joke. What was done could not be helped; so thought George Dilloway, and he turned quietly away saying, "well Sailor how would you like it if I should tear off your tail?"

"You seem to take it coolly Geordie; you remind me of the old gentleman who

thought the man ought to be "spoke to," who shot him in the wrist as he was standing at his own front door. You see I was not so far out of the way, when I said you'd be the first to suffer for liberating that mischievous fellow ! "

" Well, well, Darrick, I'm not sorry I set him free for all that."

Before that sun was set which was then shining above his head, George Dilloway had much reason to be *thankful* that he had let the old dog loose. All the crew were busily engaged on the weather side of the deck, and George was in the lee main rigging, when his foot slipped and plunged him into the water.

The ship was going at the rate of ten knots, and not a human eye saw him fall, no ear heard his plunge : the ship passed in her rapid course and he was soon far astern.

Old Sailor was standing by the windlass and *he* saw the young man disappear. One long and wild yell he gave—his first leap carried him to the top of the spars, the next



was over the ship's side. "Dog overboard," exclaimed the seaman at the helm.

"Hard down your helm ! back your main topsail boys," cried the mate. "What's got into the brute ?"

The noise brought captain Darrick upon deck : "I've half a mind to let the rascal go," he said. "He's more trouble than he's worth !"

"Here's Mr. Dilloway's hat in the main chains," cried one of the seamen.

"What !" exclaimed the captain ; and he looked wildly round among the crew. His young friend was not to be seen. He could not wait to go round the companion, but sprang to the top of it, and from thence to the quarter railing, and into the whale boat over the ship's side. Four seamen were already in it. "Lower away," he cried, "lower roundly—let go ;" and the boat was almost plunged under the water, for the ship had as yet lost none of her way. By a vigorous effort the tackles were cast off—"Pull away, pull away, my lads."

The boat shot ahead : but there was more

haste than good speed ; for now captain Darrick was uncertain which way to steer. Neither the dog nor the supercargo were to be seen, and the sea was so rough that so small a thing as a man's head was not likely to be perceived at a distance : moreover the ship had made such a sweep in coming to, that a very imperfect estimate could be made of the bearing of an object in her former wake. However, captain Darrick made the best guess he could, and they went on for about a mile : for so far did he judge the ship must have come before she was brought to. But let us see what has become of George.

When he fell he sunk deep in the water, and did not rise to the surface till the vessel had passed him : then his mouth was filled, so that he could not cry out. And it would have been of little use if he could, since his voice must have been drowned amid the rushing of the waters beneath the ship's counter and in her wake.

George Dilloway was but an indifferent swimmer, and altogether unused to so rough



THE NEW YORK  
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND  
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

R

L

a sea. But he soon found he was not alone, and right glad he was of the company of Old Sailor. With one arm now resting upon the back of the faithful dog, and his hand interlocked with his hair, he could support himself very comfortably : and as he could see that the ship was rounding to, he felt for a time quite at his ease.

Not so however, when he found he was not perceived. He saw the men laying upon their oars in uncertainty : then again they began to pull, but it was away from him, and his heart sunk. He raised his voice, but it was all unheard : loud and still louder did he call, but neither answer nor recognition was returned. At times the boat would draw near, and again move off exciting alternately hope and despondency. Round and round him did they pull, and then seemed to give up in despair.

But the dog now lifted up his voice. A long, loud, and deep howl he gave as when at midnight he bayed the moon. " Hold boys," exclaimed captain Darrick, " I hear the dog's whine !" Wild and shrill rose

the cry from amidst the heaving billows : to his master it was a joyful sound, and he directed the boat's head to meet it. Again he stopped in uncertainty : but the cry rose again, and in a few moments more, both George and his preserver were in the boat.

“ If ever I forget that dog's service, I won't call myself Dick Darrick any more : for I should be ashamed of my name : ” and the captain took the head of the faithful animal in his lap while he caressed him. The dog was quiet, but seemed conscious he had done his duty.

“ So you see Darrick, I was not much the loser after all, by setting Old Sailor adrift : for I should have been far enough astern before you missed me, had it not been for him.”

“ That's true George ; the fellow shall have his liberty if he eats up all the almanacs in the ship. Perhaps if you had given him a threshing for tearing your coat, he wouldn't have been in such a hurry to go overboard for you ; for I've known him to be sulky a whole day after having a flogging.”

“ So you see Darrick, it’s just as well, not to throw away the good will even of a dog.”

“ You’re right George, and I wish I could always act upon your principles. At any rate, I shall remember Old Sailor for this day’s work : for how could I have looked the old folks in the face, had I returned home without being able to give any account of their son—without even being able to say how he was lost ! It would be but a poor story to tell, that you had disappeared, no one could say how ! ”

“ Aye, Darrick ; but there’s another we should be thankful to, besides the dog : the poor brute was but the instrument used, to effect what God in his Providence meant should be done. Should we not then be mindful of God while receiving his mercies.”

“ It is but reasonable, George.”

“ No man of sense would say otherwise. But it is astonishing how unreasonably some men of sense will *act*. What a fool you would have thought me, if I had refused to use the means provided for the preservation of my life—the assistance of

the dog to support me in the water, and of the boat to carry me back to the ship ! But what is the present life compared to eternity ; of what consequence is a residence on the earth when compared with the importance of securing an admittance into heaven. Yet men supposed to be in their right mind, who would give up all their wealth for a few years of life, even if that life must be a life of sorrow, are still regardless of the interests of eternity—are willing to exchange their hopes of future happiness, for a little gain or a little pleasure.”

Captain Darrick assented, as he always did, to what his friend said ; and though he gave no evidence of a change of heart, yet George was pleased to observe that his habits of profanity were abated—that he was more particular in the observance of the Sabbath, and that his Bible no longer continued a sealed book. George began to hope for his friend : and he thought what a pleasant voyage this would be, and how thankful he should be to God for sending him on it, if it should result in the conversion of one in whom he felt so much interest.



## CHAPTER VI.

## SOME ACCOUNT OF ONE LAND CRAB.

GEORGE DILLOWAY had a kind and affectionate heart, and like most youths who have had but little experience of this cold and selfish world, he had sensitive feelings keenly alive to the sufferings and distresses of others. His friend captain Darrick often laughed at him for this sensitiveness, which was ever breaking out in a sort of knight-errantry ; this continually led him to espouse the cause of those he thought oppressed or persecuted. It was not that Dick Darrick had an unfeeling heart ; but he had been bred in a harder school, and many things to him seemed of no consequence, which to his friend, appeared to be intolerable evils.

Old Sailor was not the only one on board the Alnomuc that excited in George these sympathetic feelings : nor was he the only persecuted animal, if indeed he may be said

to have been persecuted at all, since his confinement, and an occasional threshing to which he was subjected, were the just recompense of his roguery : and he evidently understood them to be so. But there were those, and especially among the green hands, who were often in trouble, and sometimes made to suffer unnecessary pain. This was not always caused by a desire to inflict pain on the part of others, but it often arose from the rough ways of the seamen, to which the landsmen were unused ; and not unfrequently from the very acts of kindness manifested by the old sea dogs towards those unaccustomed to their element, as in the case of captain Darrick when he dragged George from his berth during his sea sickness, knowing it to be for his friend's good to move about and get a little fresh air. Sometimes too, it was brought to pass by the love of frolic, so natural to a sailor.

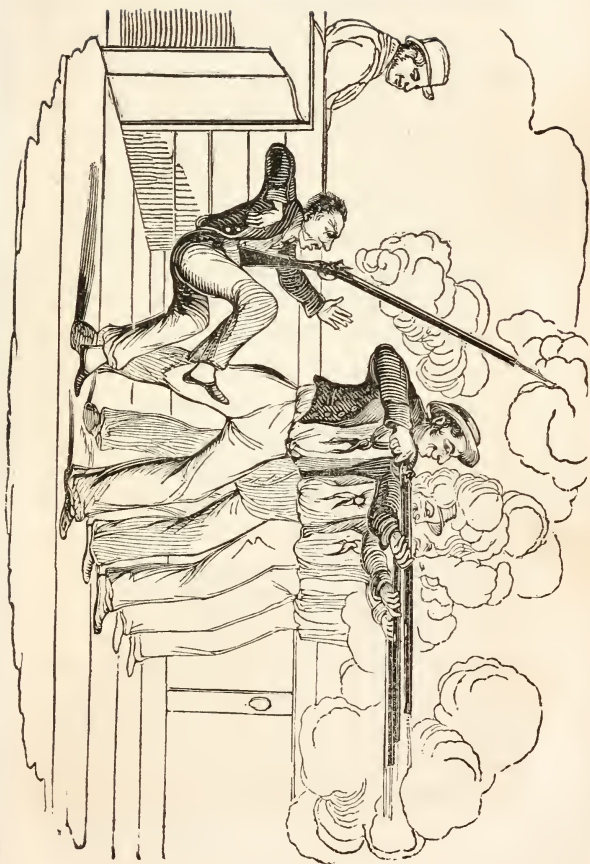
The jolly tars found one source of never ending amusement in the person and movements of the ship's tailor ; for the nature of the present voyage, rendered it expedient to

have one of that craft on board the vessel. This personage the seamen denominated "Land Crab," from his propensity to move sidelong, that by holding on with both hands, he might better guard against the rolling of the ship. The underpinning of his person was never of the best : and legs long degraded to the office of a joint stool, could not be expected to afford a very firm support. These members themselves were marvellously crooked, so that as the sailors said, it was no wonder he couldn't walk straight ; for his legs they said, were made for turning corners. Even on the land he went along with an uncertain shuffle, and not by any means in a direct line. It was evident his lower spars were made to sit upon, and not to walk with.

Nevertheless when he did walk, he carried his head preposterously high, or rather bent back ; this gave a pomposity to his appearance which was truly ludicrous : it seemed as if he wished to assume a military air, not at all in accordance with the unsteadiness of his step.

Land Crab was a good workman at his trade, but intemperance had driven him to sea. On the voyage for which he was embarked, no man on board the ship was likely to become more useful than the tailor, unless indeed it were the armourer and carpenter. Nevertheless the poor fellow was despised both fore and aft, for it was evident he would never make a sailor : he could not even learn to walk the deck, much less could it be expected that he would become an efficient hand aloft. It was little to be wondered at then, that he should become the butt to the whole crew, for the sailors thought him a very legitimate subject for ridicule. George pitied the poor fellow, and took every opportunity to show him kindness : and especially he avoided laughing at him, though that was very difficult at times ; but he thought how unpleasant it would be to himself to be made the laughing stock of all hands.

For this forbearance and sympathy, poor Land Crab felt very grateful ; and there was nothing he would not have been wil-



THE NEW YORK  
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND  
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

R

L

ling to do, in return for the kindness and consideration George showed to him.

The tailor, like other men with crooked legs, had a large share of romance in his disposition. It was this which first put it into his head to go to sea, though his intemperate habits *drove* him at last.

Withal there was a considerable degree of military ardor about the feeble creature, and when the crew were mustered to exercise with small arms he was mustered with them. It was their custom to drill with unloaded muskets: but the armourer observed that Land Crab always shut his eyes and drew back when he touched the trigger, although he knew the gun was not loaded.

Several times as he delivered out the muskets he passed one to Land Crab heavily charged, which, when he pulled the trigger never failed to place the poor tailor in an horizontal position. It was now with fear and trembling that he moved his hand towards the lock of his gun, and yet he dared not neglect to obey when the officer gave the order to fire.

One day George was on deck when Land Crab, with several others were brought aft to be drilled. As he was sitting on the weather side of the companion way, he felt some one touch his shoulder. He turned ; it was Land Crab who had crept along the leeward side when he saw no one looking. The poor fellow was frightened, and said in a hurried tone : “ Mr. Dilloway—Sir,—will you please to git me, Sir, a gun what an’t loaded ? ”

George arose and walked to the arm chest, took up a musket and sounded it—then handed it to the tailor. There was a rogueish grin on the armourer’s face as he observed this process : but the look of humble gratitude with which Land Crab received the harmless weapon, George thought a rich recompense for his trouble.

When Old Sailor had torn away George’s skirts as mentioned in the last chapter, the tailor thought it a good opportunity to make a small return for the many acts of kindness the supercargo had shown to him. He appeared on the quarter deck, his hat in his



hand, with a timid sheepish look, keeping his eyes fixed upon the deck.

“What do you want, tailor?” asked captain Darrick.

“If Mr. Dilloway ’ll let me mend his coat for him, Sir?”

“Why tailor, I don’t think it’s worth the mending,” George replied.

“I’ll do it so nice Sir, you shan’t tell where it was torn.”

George thought since his coat was shorn of its honors, he’d wear it as a jacket, but seeing the tailor looked disappointed, he told him he might take it and bind the raw edge : and the poor fellow went forward, glad that he could do something for his benefactor.

Bob Ringtail was at the helm, and when captain Darrick went below, he said to George : “Mr. Dilloway since you’re a going to make a razee of that ’are coat, may be you’ll give me the fag eend : it ’ll do for patches for me, and it won’t be of no use to yourself, you know, Sir?”

George gave him the cloth, and when Bob went forward, he said he didn’t know why

he shouldn't sport a swallow tail as well as the supercargo. So he stitched the dishonored flaps to his own round jacket. To be sure the jacket was blue and the skirts were brown, and being grafted to a garment to which they did not belong, the set was none of snuggest. Moreover Bob had secured his false tail by means of tarred twine, with what sailors call a herring bone stitch, so that it may be supposed the seam was more apparent than the tailor had promised George that *he* would make it.

The next day, George with the captain were lounging upon the rail, when Bob was going aloft on ship's duty : the swallow tail immediately caught the eye of the latter. " Well George," he said, pointing with his thumb to the ludicrous figure, " I guess you'll doff your long togs now, for *this* voyage ! " George looked up and was much amused to see the end his skirts had come to, and from that time forth he ceased to sport a swallow tail himself. But how far the fact of his not having another old coat to wear, had any thing to do with the

change in his appearance, the reader must judge.

Let us return to our tailor. George continued to show him acts of kindness, and poor Land Crab would often come to him in the night watches to tell him of his griefs; there was no other on board from whom he could expect sympathy, for to the seamen his troubles seemed to arise from such trifling causes, that they excited their mirth rather than their compassion. The captain to be sure pitied the poor fellow, but to him, the discipline of the ship prevented the tailor from opening his budget of grief: but George was ever ready to converse with him, as he was with all the crew, both for his own amusement and also with the hope of doing them good. He always listened to Land Crab with patience; and indeed it required not a little, for the tailor was a man of a sorrowful spirit, and wordy withal in unburdening his soul.

Now the poor fellow was very grateful for this patient listening as well as for

George's other acts of kindness, and he was very anxious to show his gratitude. But what good could so feeble a creature do ? Why the feeblest man is above a dog ; and a dog can show his sense of favors done him. Land Crab found an opportunity, where men too that despised him, drew back from the performance of their duty.

Peter Durky was an old man-of-war sailor : he had also been a privateer's man, and if not a pirate, he was piratical enough in his disposition. By the assistance of one of the ship's boys whom he had taught to creep through a small opening into the after hold, he had for some time carried on depredations upon the cargo. His conduct was disapproved by the rest of the crew, but they said nothing to the officers—some because they did not like to be informers, and the green hands, because they feared Durky, who threatened to heave overboard any one that told of him : and they knew right well he would not mind committing a murder any more than a theft.

One day Durky was displaying some fresh plunder much to the annoyance of the crew, who feared they would come in for a share of the blame. As usual he threatened to kill any man that told of him. "I don't care the value of a rope yarn for your threat Peter Durky," said Bob Ringtail, "and if it wan't for gitting the karacter of an informer, I'd let the captain know afore I was an hour older."

The tailor lived in the steerage, but he was then by the forecastle hatch and heard what was said : he put his head down the scuttle, and said : "You'd better do your duty, Bob, and that's the best karicter."

"You there ! you ninth part of a man ! You waddling yard stick, if you don't keep your screeching pipe shut I'll dip you in the salt pond, or my name an't Peter Durky."

"I shall do my duty, Durky, let what will come of it : " and Land Crab shuffled aft towards the quarter deck as fast as he could, while Durky, raging like a chafed lion, pitched headlong through the scuttle in pursuit. Poor Land Crab felt he was

running for his life, and his legs then did him service which astonished all who saw him. Well for him it was, that he had start enough to gain the quarter deck before his enraged pursuer overtook him.

Neither George nor the captain were on deck : he hastened to the companion way—his foot was lifted, but Durky's hand was already falling upon his collar. The poor tailor felt that his case was desperate, and he took a desperate remedy, pitching head first down the companion stairs.

Once safely at the bottom, Land Crab did not stop to consider whether he was hurt, but looked back to see what had become of his pursuer. There he stood looking more like a demon than a man : and with his hand upon his throat, plainly signified to the tailor what was to be his fate. But the feeble creature's courage was screwed up, and the threat did not prevent his doing his duty. He was pleased too to show his gratitude, and proved that he had more moral courage than many a bolder man who despised his weakness.



THE NEW YORK  
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR. LENOX AND  
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

B

L



## CHAPTER VII.

## THE REVENGE.

ON examining the scene of the depredations, it was found that they had been carried on to some extent. Nor was the damage confined to the articles stolen, for many packages had been cast adrift, so that they must have been destroyed in the rough weather in doubling the Cape, had it not been previously discovered. As it was, little harm was done, the articles taken being mostly recovered.

It seems Durky was collecting a store, intending to desert at the first island they should touch at : he would have had wealth enough perhaps to have set up for a king in the South Sea, had he succeeded in getting off with his booty. He frequently made his boast among his shipmates of what he intended to do, and endeavored to persuade some of them to join him. But he was no favorite with the crew ; for though in the

main he was a clever fellow and a pleasant companion, yet they knew him to be a villain of the deepest dye, and rather drew back from associating with him. Though they would not join in his enterprise, still they did not inform against him from feeling that disgrace attached to the character of an informer : and to this feeling he trusted.

When he found that Land Crab was indeed resolved to make known what he had heard, he went forward growling out vengeance, swearing to put the tailor to every sort of torture. Having full confidence in his villainy, the crew believed he would fulfil his threats if he ever had opportunity.

When Durky was called aft to answer for his misdeeds he obeyed the summons, but maintained a sullen silence when questioned, shooting from beneath his scowling brows a look of stern defiance.

The boy too whom he had used to effect his wicked purposes, was brought to the gangway and stripped to be punished ; he wailed aloud and cried for mercy. The heart of the hardened sinner was touched :

“Captain Darrick,” he said, “that boy has done nothing but what I made him do. Give me *all* the punishment; I can bear it better than he.”

“You’re too deep a villain to be let off with a flogging at the gangway,” the captain replied. Durky drew himself up and again scowled defiance: “You cannot inflict more than I can bear, captain Darrick.” The terms he used were not those of a sailor, and the truth flashed on the mind of the captain that the fellow had been different from what he appeared, though now degraded and fallen: however he made no remark, but proceeded to have the lesser culprit punished.

When this was accomplished he ordered Durky to be put in irons. The crew continued silent and serious, but not a man moved from his place to obey the order: as to the condemned, he held himself straight and passed his eye around to see if there were any hardy enough to approach him. He was truly a formidable figure, full six feet high with broad shoulders and massy

limbs, making a display of strength which all on board knew was not delusive. Though there were those among the crew who would have faced him in their own quarrel, yet were there none disposed to do so for the invidious purpose of putting a shipmate in irons.

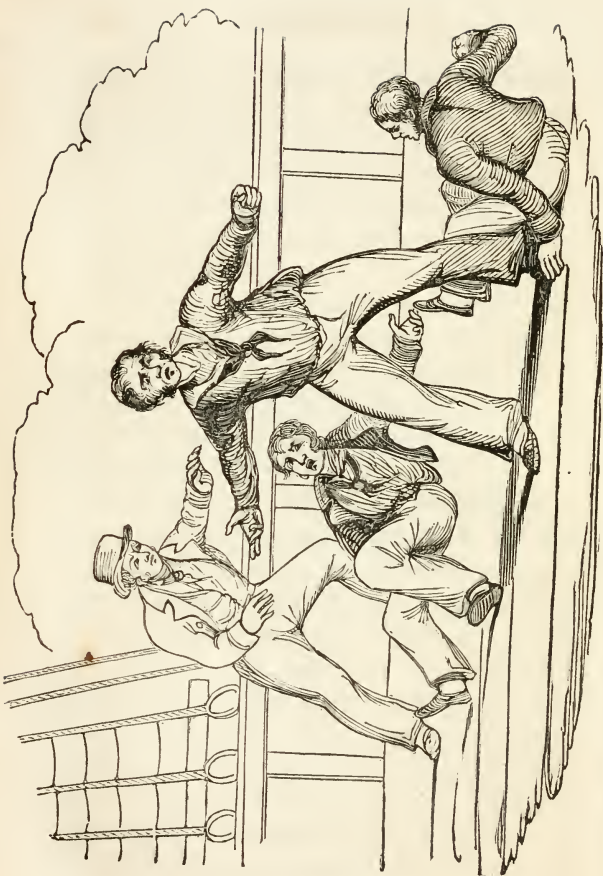
The fellow seemed sensible of the advantage of his position, and the curl of his upper lip and the flash of his stern grey eye showed that he enjoyed it.

“ Put that man in irons, Mr. Barnacle,” said the captain.

The mates waited but the word of command, and sprang forward, like a pair of dogs when the leash is slipt in sight of the game. The sailor like the king of the forest, calmly expected the onset : he stood in conscious strength, and a scornful smile expressed how little he cared for his assailants, though both were well made and powerful men. As the stormy petrel rejoices to be abroad when the howling tempest lashes the waters into a rage, so contention and strife were the elements in which Durky loved to live.

THE NEW YORK  
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND  
TILDEN FOUNDATION



He continued unmoved till like two blood hounds, the mates leapt upon him. Then suddenly throwing back his weight, he seized each by the bosom of his shirt ; their chests gave forth a hollow sound as his heavy hand fell upon them—his arms were extended, and they were dashed upon the deck.

Seeing his officers used thus unceremoniously, captain Darrick felt that it was time for himself to act. He stopt not to look for the dead and wounded, but rushed forward to quell rebellion in its beginning. If there was a man on board who could meet Durky on equal terms, that man was captain Darrick. He was not to be sure so tall as the powerful sailor, but still he was not deficient in weight, and in strength, perhaps, equalled his antagonist.

But captain Darrick had an advantage which the other could not resist : it was the habit of command. Durky had resisted the inferior officers, but it was another thing when he was confronted with his captain. Bold and daring as he was, his look fell

before the fixed countenance of captain Dar-  
rick : and when the latter seized him by  
the throat, he sunk conquered by the moral  
power of his eye, rather than by the strength  
of his arm.

Meantime the mates had gained their legs,  
stung to the quick by their disgrace ; raging  
with anger they again came upon the field  
of strife. Their ribs had received hard  
thumps from the gunwale of the ship, against  
which they had been dashed, but they were  
inured to rough usage and thought not of  
the hurt. It must have been much more  
severe, to have checked them under their  
present excitement.

“ Hand me those irons, Mr. Crowell,”  
said the captain, and the second mate  
sprang forward to obey. It was another  
thing however to get them over Durky’s  
hands ; and it was only by the efforts of  
all three, that the irons could be put on and  
the fellow carried between decks, where  
his feet were secured in another set of irons,  
the bar of which was passed through a ring-  
bolt in the deck.



Here the culprit was left bound in iron and in darkness, to meditate on his ill spent life. Far from his thoughts was any thing like contrition or repentance for his evil deeds, however he might regret the ill success of his wickedness. He laid himself at his length upon the pine plank of the lower deck, and occupied his thoughts in brooding schemes of revenge ; and especially did he vow vengeance upon the tailor, should he ever get the poor creature into his hands.

There was no bulkhead between the place where he was confined and the steerage into which the light shone through the after hatchway : he could of course see what was done there, though he himself was hid in gloomy darkness. Several times did he perceive poor Land Crab, unconscious of any danger, come towards the place where he was, groping about for some article he was in search of. Meantime, Durky lay quiet like a cat watching his prey, ready to spring whenever his poor victim should come within his reach.

Thus passed three days and his patience

did not tire. His eyes, accustomed to the medium in which he was confined, could see plainly every thing about him, though to one just entering, it appeared but perfect darkness.

So it was on the third day, when Land Crab came feeling about in search of a box which contained some of his work. Durky spoke not, nor stirred, yet every muscle was braced to spring. Land Crab groped to the right and left, each time drawing nearer to his hidden foe. At last he put forth his hand upon Durky's leg : he uttered a faint cry, his hand drew back instinctly, the blood seemed to curdle in his veins, and the hair to rise upon his head. He hastily turned to make his escape, but it was too late : the clanking of the fetters in the ring bolt gave indication that his enemy was in motion. It was, like the fierce hiss and sharp rattle of the hidden serpent, an alarm of death : for at that very moment the tailor felt a strong grasp upon his waistband.

Durky drew his victim towards him with

a force which even despair, could not give the poor creature power to resist. "Oh do not kill me,—do not kill me *now*, Mr. Durky," he exclaimed in a supplicating tone, at the same time holding out his hand for mercy.

"Not kill you, you reptile !—Yes ! I *will* murder you, and your heart's blood 'll be the sweetest drop I've tasted for many a long day." The voice of the savage was stopped by the hand of his victim, which he had seized with his teeth that he might hold him while he shifted his grasp to the throat ; for his wrists being confined by the same fetter, he could not move one hand without moving the other at the same time.

Land Crab gave a loud shriek as he felt the hand of the murderer upon his throat : the fingers closed upon his windpipe, and the shriek died away in an horribly unearthly sound, as the rattling breath made a desperate effort to force a passage. The noise ceased, and all was silent.

That shriek of despair had been heard, and the sepulchral sound which followed it,

but help must arrive quickly or it will come too late.

George Dilloway was sitting on the spars upon the main deck reading in the shade of the mainsail, when he heard the noise beneath him. He was at no loss to guess the purport of the sound.

Luckily the tarpaulin of the main hatch had not been battened down. He threw it back, drew off one of the quarter hatches, leapt down, and was in the midst of the horrid scene. There lay the poor tailor across the lap of his inveterate foe, exhibiting the black and bloated look and the starting eyeballs of a strangled man.

George's fingers were wholly powerless to unlock the firm grasp of the determined murderer. Others had reached the spot almost as soon as he, and it was only by the united strength of many hands that his fingers could at length be removed from the throat of his victim. Still more trouble had they to separate his teeth from the hand he held in his mouth ; and not till his jaws were forced apart with a marlingspike,

in doing which one of his teeth was knocked out, could this be effected.

As to Land Crab, though he was at last drawn from the clutches of his foe, there was no appearance of life in him. However on captain Darrick's applying his lancet to a vein, the blood was found to flow ; and by persevering attention he was at last brought to, much surprised to find himself still in the land of the living. He was placed in his berth, and after some days, recovered from the bodily harm, and in part from the fright he had sustained ; his hand however always after bore marks of the villain's teeth.

As to Durky he threw himself sulkily upon the deck when he found his prey snatched from him : and there he lay uttering curses " not loud but deep," and vowing vengeance upon all who had helped to baulk him of his revenge.

The other seamen stood around and listened to his deep muttered curses with horror, for it was too evident they were not the idle growling of a discontented spirit,

but expressive of the fixed purpose of a desperado.

Upon George he was particularly liberal of his threats, and captain Darrick determined to guard against them, by putting him out of the way of doing mischief.

## CHAPTER VIII.

## THE CHRISTIAN'S REVENGE.

SEVERAL days had passed away, when early one morning, the crew of the *Alno-muc* were aroused by the startling cry of "land, ho !"

Every one hastened to obtain a sight of the desired object : for although it was well known that the islands they were approaching, were but a cluster of barren, uninhabited rocks, situated in a bleak inhospitable region, they still possessed an interest to those, who, for day after day, and week after week, had only looked at a dreary expanse of waters on every side, unbroken but by their own heavings, as far as the eye could reach.

It is astonishing what a trifle will possess an interest for the sea-worn mariner, when months of incessant motion have cut him off from all the world except the small portion enclosed in his own little bark. Any thing to break the dull monotony of

the sailor's life has an attraction for him—the spouting of a whale,—the flight of a school of flying fish—the appearance of a sea bird, though there be no novelty in the sight, still attracts attention, and is made the subject of remark. Much more must the first looming of land, though it be but a barren rock or an uninhabited island, have an interest to those who for weeks and months have not seen the land—to whom the remembrance of the dry ground comes in the mistiness of an almost forgotten dream, rather than as the recollection of a known reality, so natural has it become to live upon the water.

“Well Geordie,” said captain Darrick, “I’m glad once more to see the land.”

“I thought you meant to pass, without making these islands?” replied the supercargo.

“I did think of it : but since that affair the other day, I’ve changed my mind. I mean to run in, and put our character ashore.”

“But you do not mean to leave him on



these desolate islands, and winter coming on too! He will perish with cold and hunger."

"I think he will not. But he must take his chance of that; it is not safe to keep the rascal on board—he is a desperate villain, and has threatened your life among others."

George said he was willing to take the risk, and tried hard to persuade his friend to forego the punishment: "I am not willing to take the risk, if you are, George," the captain replied, and continued firm to his purpose.

"What land's that?" Durky asked of the steward as the latter brought him his breakfast.

"It be one ob de Foglant islands. The captin say run de ship close under de land."

"And what are they running in for?" said the prisoner in a husky voice and turning quite pale. The steward could not tell, but the prisoner well guessed the captain's purpose. He had never taken it into his calculation to be left on a desolate island in

the bleak latitude of Cape Horn, and the winter approaching too ; for it was now the month of May, answering to the November of Northern latitude. No one could better appreciate the extent of the sentence, for no man on board was better informed—not even the captain or supercargo, than the prisoner.

Noon came and found Durky sitting alone on the peak of an high hill, the only human being probably in that whole cluster of islands. One object alone absorbed his attention, and that was, a ship in the distance fast receding from the land.

When the prisoner was relieved from his irons and ordered upon deck, he sulkily obeyed : he got into the boat when commanded, for he was too proud to ask a remission of his sentence, though he felt it was worse than a sentence of death. George stood in the gangway and placed a book in his pocket as he passed, and this little act of kindness almost overcame his stubborn-



THE NEW YORK  
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND  
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

R

L

ness of spirit; he had expected to meet only the scorn of others, and he was prepared to brave it: any other feeling he had not expected to find.

He felt that he was a villain, and that every finger was pointed at him. He determined to be a resolute villain—believing that none felt a sympathy with him, he would not show the weakness of desiring it: but when he found there was one who felt some interest in his welfare, wound up as his feelings were, it almost brought tears into his eyes. He would have given one half his hopes of life, slight as those hopes were, could he have thanked George for his kindness; but his pride would not allow him to exhibit the weakness, while the eyes of the crew were upon him.

Gloomily he sat on the boat's bows while his shipmates silently pulled him towards the beach; and having landed, he walked straight off from the shore without saying a word, or in any way responding to the boat's crew, who now had their sympathies fully excited.

He walked on without looking back till he reached the summit of the hill. He then turned to look upon the ship—she was already making her way seaward : he seated himself on a fallen tree, and felt that he was now indeed alone. He cared not to restrain himself any longer—his full heart was ready to burst, and his feelings found vent in a flood of tears—the first bitter flood his hard heart had allowed him to shed for many years.

He watched the ship in her offing till a point of land hid her from his view, then threw himself upon the ground, and felt more desolate than while the sight of a human habitation seemed still to form a connecting link with the world.

As he fell, he felt the book George had placed in his pocket. He drew it forth,—it was as he had expected, the word of God. “It is just what my poor father would have done,” he exclaimed, and his mind was transported to the green hills of Vermont : he saw the paternal roof and the village spire, beneath which he had been so often

directed in the heavenward way, from which he had so fearfully departed. He saw his father in the cool shade of his beautiful garden, once more studying the oracles of the living God, as he had seen him in the days of his childhood. That parent he thought must be now stricken in years, if indeed the perverseness of his wandering son, had not brought down his grey hairs with sorrow to the grave. Then too came into his mind, that first act of disobedience, from which he might trace his present degradation.

The heart of the hardened villain was softened, and for the first time since the days of his early youth, was he seated to read the word of God. He was beyond the ken of any mortal eye, but doubtless the angels of heaven looked with pleasure upon the sight.

The next morning, the Alnomuc was lying becalmed on the side of the island opposite to where Durky had been landed. Though the season was advanced, it was a

mild and pleasant day, and finding he was in the neighborhood of a colony of penguins, captain Darrick allowed some of the men to go ashore in search of eggs. There were no eggs to be had at that season of the year, but the men had their pleasure; and George, who had gone ashore with them, strayed off alone into the country.

He was stooping to collect the seeds of a plant, when lifting his eyes, he saw Durky standing before him. It was an unpleasant surprise, for he remembered the desperate character of the man, and his threats towards himself.

George was unarmed, and he saw nothing near which he could convert into a weapon of defence. However he took his stand, and lifting his hand to Durky, said, "You are near enough Durky, do not come any further at your peril."

"I'll come no further than you say, Mr. Dilloway, but you need not fear me, for I wouldn't hurt a hair of your head. I saw the ship this morning becalmed, and I came across the island to take a last look at her;

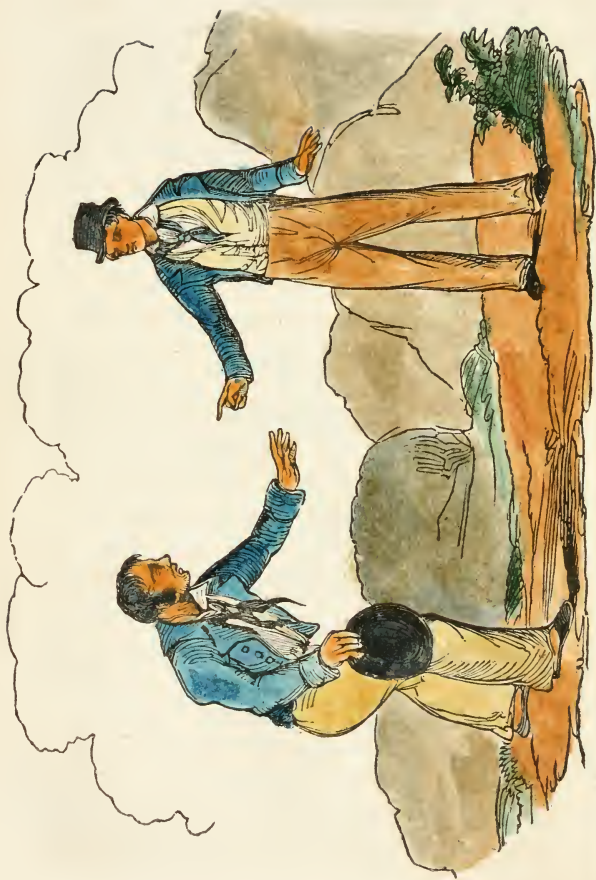


THE NEW YORK  
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND  
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

R

L



and when I saw you was on shore, I could but come to thank you for your kindness to the poor outcast : if indeed you will receive the thanks of a wretch who has long been forsaken of his God, and is now forsaken by his fellow men ! ” As he spake, the penitent held his hat in his hand and meekly bowed his head in evident sincerity.

“ And do you indeed feel sorry for what you have done ? ”

“ Ah Sir, when you put that blessed book in my pocket, at a time when I thought no one cared for the poor reprobate, my hard heart was touched ; and I have looked into the sacred pages, the first time for years.”

“ And you can see there that God will accept the penitent ! ”

“ He will not receive me, I forsook him against the clearest light, and He has forsaken me.”

“ But He *will* receive all who repent : do you not remember the story of the poor prodigal ? ”

“ Aye—I have read it since I’ve been on

shore : but I am worse than the prodigal, and I know God will not receive me."

" But you called him *your* God just now ! "

" Aye—did I ? He was my father's God, but he cannot be mine."

" The promise is to the fathers and their children. He will not fail to receive any who seek him, for he desires not the death of a sinner : and captain Darrick likewise, if he thought you were really sorry, would be glad to receive you into the ship again."

" Do you think he would, Sir ? Ah, he would never believe it."

" But you must forgive others if you hope to be forgiven, and especially, can you forgive the tailor ? "

" He has more to forgive in me than I in him—God knows, Sir, I feel no ill will towards him."

" And for the future you will forsake your evil habits ? "

" I would that I could, Sir : but I fear, they have been so long fixed ! "

“Well, I must be your guarantee : will you accept me as your security ? Captain Darrick will not refuse me.”

“It is very kind in you to offer, Mr. Dilloway : how can I refuse to accept your offer. After my threats against you, I had no right to expect it : but it is like a Christian.”

“And if I am enabled to do you this kindness, Durky, I am only following the example of my Saviour therein, in doing for you as he has, I hope, done for me, and as he is ready to do for all others. He will intercede with the God against whom you have sinned, and has already died to make atonement for you. Why should you not accept him as your surety with God, as well as me, for your security to captain Darrick. I hope captain Darrick will accept my mediation and forgive you for my sake : and I *know* God will receive the intercession of his dear Son, and grant you a pardon for *his* sake, since he has already shed his blood to wash away your sins.”

“Well Mr. Dilloway, I will do the best

I can, if allowed to return to the ship ; for it is dreadful to be left on a desolate coast at this season of the year. But I have deserved it *all*."

George now perceived that the ship's boat was ready to put off, and he hastened to the beach, determined, if possible, to obtain the remission of the poor man's sentence. Meantime, Durky was seated on a rock, watching his movements with anxious expectation.

## CHAPTER IX.

## THE TEMPEST.

As Durky supposed, captain Darrick was unwilling to believe his repentance sincere : but at George's earnest request he consented to receive him. Perhaps he did it the more willingly, as he did not like to lose so good a seaman from his ship ; for roguery apart, Durky was a first rate hand. He said however, to his young friend : " I'm afraid Geordie, you'll repent bringing him back. However let him come."

When Durky came on board he was merely told to return to his duty. The tailor was just coming up the hatchway as he came over the ship's side : the poor fellow turned pale and would have fallen back into the steerage in his surprise and consternation, had not the armourer caught him. But though his former deadly enemy was before him, he needed not to fear ; for

that fierce spirit was now subdued—the bloodthirsty tiger had assumed the bearing of the gentle lamb.

Nor was the appearance mere assumed, neither was the reformation only external. His haughty heart was really humbled, and captain Darrick now acknowledged that he was the very best hand on board his ship ; for while he constantly strove to keep his evil propensities in check, his hardy, fearless character remained unchanged, and *all* his energies were directed to the performance of his duty. He often thanked George for providing him such a noble seaman : and it was not many weeks before not only the captain but all hands had reason to be thankful that the brave fellow had returned on board, and George had once more reason to see, that Christian kindness is never thrown away, and especially, kindness to the souls of men. He once more saw that the Saviour's golden precept was the best guide of human actions.

As to himself, he watched over the reformed sailor with a sort of parental feeling :



and one of the most pleasant anticipations of his arrival at home, was the hope of carrying back the returning prodigal to his father's arms.

For some weeks after the incidents last related, the *Alnomuc* was beating about off Cape Horn: during this time, she was driven as far as sixtieth degree of South latitude.

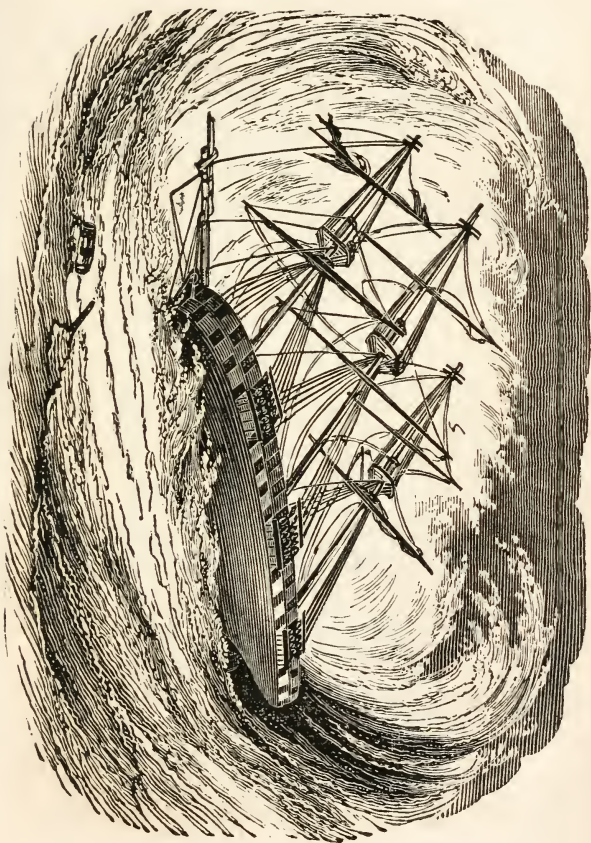
The ship had gained nearly enough westing to bear away to the North, when she was struck by a heavy westerly gale, which with the strong current setting to the eastward in those latitudes, soon drove her back into the Atlantic.

Beyond the Capes, where the swells of the ocean can pass round and round the world, without meeting any thing to check their still accumulating power, it may be supposed the waves will heave themselves to a most fearful height. The long continued westerly gale had whipt old ocean into a rage, and the swelling mountains of black waters covered with foam, and the

deep abysses between their masses were enough to strike terror into an inexperienced mind. But the seamen felt safe, confident in the qualities of their good sea boat, and in their own skill.

But it was not so, when the wind suddenly shifting to the eastward, blew with equal violence in the very teeth of the current, raising a sea in direct opposition to the old one. Now it was that the irregular and wild heaving of the waters, rendered their situation really dangerous; for the ship could neither scud nor lie to, and all their skill was unavailing to prevent her falling into the trough of the sea.

Thus it was when about midnight they found themselves between two swells. The one to the eastward, it seemed as if the fierce gale would blow back upon them, while the opposite one was just ready to burst. It did burst high above their heads, and its mass of waters was precipitated upon the deck. All now expected their last struggle with death—the weight upon the



THE NEW YORK  
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND  
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

R

L

decks they thought, must break them in, or sink the vessel.

Engulphed in the dark waters, each one clung to the rigging, and the good ship at last rose quivering to the surface.

George kept his regular watch, but he was now below and was awakened by the tremendous jar. The ship's timbers shook convulsively, but the lamp was still burning in the cabin as when he turned in. Presently he saw the captain enter the cabin, and going into the opposite state room, kneel down and continue some moments engaged in earnest prayer. He then found some articles he came in search of, and was about returning to the deck, when George said : " Has any thing happened, captain Dar-rick ? "

" Only been struck by a sea, George, the old ship won't stand another such blow. Lay still, my boy, you can do no good upon deck, and you're better off here." But George Dilloway had already left his berth, and was resolved to follow his friend to the deck ; there he beheld such a tu-

mult of waters as he had never before witnessed.

" 'This is a grand sight, Darrick,' he said.

" Aye it is *fearfully* grand, George : and it would be pleasant to look at, could we but look in safety."

" But He who holds the waters in the hollow of his hand, rules them here as well as in the calm."

" I have found pleasure in thinking so to-night. Surely it is pleasant to be able to trust in God, when we feel we can do so little for ourselves. However we must try to get the ship before the wind : but how she will work against such a sea, God only knows. Mr. Barnacle,—we'll see how our storm sails will stand it—you may hoist the fore topmast staysail, and haul your sheet to starboard. There—hard up with your helm boys."

The sail soon caught the gale, and the ship shot ahead. As she sunk between the waves she was becalmed, but as she rose to the top of them she felt the full influence

of the tempest, and shot boldly ahead. By skillful steering, the opposing seas were avoided for a while, but at last she plunged headlong into one. For a moment the flood passed over the deck, and when she was again clear, it was perceived that her fore topmast stay had been carried away.

Durky was already in the rigging with one end of a preventer stay: "Lay down, lay down," exclaimed captain Darrick. "Stand clear of the mast." The lanyard of the forward shroud of the topmast rigging had already parted, the other lanyards soon gave way, passed like lightning through the dead eyes, and were whipt out with their strands separated—the topmast nodded towards the stern—broke off with a crash above the cap, and fell to port.

"Clear the wreck," exclaimed captain Darrick. The topmast backstays had been thrown round the lower rigging and forward of the foremast when the topmast fell, and they now kept the head of the broken spar in towards the vessel, while the splintered end dashed about by the

heaving of the ocean, seemed to threaten with instant destruction any who should attempt to obey the command to cut it clear, while the repeated and tremendous thumps against the ship's bottom, made the danger equal to all if this was not done. "Hand us your hatchet, carpenter," said the captain : in a moment with the hatchet in his hand, he sprang forward to cut away the foul rigging. "'That's work for me, captain Darrick,'" exclaimed Durky, and snatching the hatchet from the captain, he leapt upon the rail. A single blow severed one of the backstays ; but he had no time to repeat it : a heavy sea at that moment burst over the bows—Durky clung to the rigging while the officers and crew, who had been keeping off the spar as well as they could with oars and handspikes, were washed aft with the sea.

The waters passed, and Durky was still seen in the forward rigging with his hand upraised. The hatchet fell and severed the only remaining starboard backstay. The brave fellow then leapt into the larboard







channels to cut them away on that side. This was soon done; but now, the spar which had shot into the air after the breaking of the wave, came down against the chains where Durky was standing, and the man and the mast disappeared.

The cry, "A man overboard," drew all hands into the larboard gangway: they looked anxiously over into the dark waters to get a glimpse of their lost shipmate, but the ship had made a heavy lurch, and nothing could have been seen, even had the night permitted it. The situation of the spar was made visible astern, by a white spot caused by the breaking of the water upon it, and all believed that that bright spot marked their shipmate's grave, and though the life blood was still coursing through his veins, he would soon be a cold and stiffened corpse.

They looked mournfully a moment, then hastened to get some sail upon the vessel. It was found that the fore topmast stay-sail was still hanging from the end of the bowsprit—the stay on which it was hoisted

being carried away pretty high up, was dragging in the water. It was determined to secure this to the foremast head, and set the staysail again; for the ship could not be kept before the wind, without some head sail to help her steer.

There was not a little danger in working at the end of the bowsprit, plunged as it was every few moments under the waves: but there were brave hearts on board the Alnomuc, who were not in the habit of calculating danger. The sail was dragged up and stowed in the netting, till the stay could be got ready, and the jibboom was run in and housed that it might not be carried away by the pitching of the vessel: but at this stage of their operations, the crew were all frightened from their work. Yet it must be no earthly sound, that could frighten those brave hearts.

The wind howled over the vessel, and loudly shrieked through the blocks: but above the roaring of the tempest was heard a more fearful noise: it was a voice speaking to the men; appalled and disconcerted,

they hastened to the forecastle, for it was the voice of Durky they heard, and it seemed to come from the foretop. "The time has come for one of us," said one of the men.

"For all of us," said another. "It's no use to do nothing more, when we've heard the dead man's voice."

Even captain Darrick, early imbued with the superstition of seafaring men, was entirely disconcerted: but George Dilloway, immediately guessed at what had happened, that Durky had caught at the mizen chains as the ship passed him, and had thus found his way on board. He had sat in the channels a moment, till the effects of the blow he had received passed away, and had then got on board without any one perceiving him; and finding what the crew were engaged in, he had gone into the foretop to assist.

George hastened to bend the stay to the end of a studdingsail tack, which Durky had thrown down. Bob Ringtail finding it was real flesh and blood in the top, was

somewhat mortified at the fear he had shown, and taking a watch tackle on his shoulder, began to ascend the rigging to assist in securing the stay, observing that, "a fellow who was born to be hanged could never be drowned."

When daylight appeared, which was not till eight o'clock in that latitude, the ship was driving before the wind under a close reefed main topsail and fore staysail. Though it still blew fiercely, the breeze was fair : by degrees, the sea became more regular, and the favorable gale left them not, till they were ready to bear away to the North in the Pacific Ocean.

## CHAPTER X.

## THE INDIAN.

"COLD comfort this," said captain Darrick, as he sat at the breakfast table the morning after the accident detailed in the last chapter. The sea was so rough, that the cook could light no fire ; consequently, the breakfast was not cooked that morning.

"Well Darrick," said George Dilloway, "if the food is cold, we may be thankful for good appetites to eat it, and that will make it sweet."

"Aye Geordie, we may be thankful that we are here at all. That Durky was made for a noble fellow ; and I'll try to do something for him before the voyage is out, if he behaves himself."

"You see Darrick, I'm not sorry yet for persuading you to take him on board?"

"And you never will be. You acted like a Christian, and I'm sure no one will ever lose, by doing that."

“I did what no one who pretends to be governed by Christian principles could consistently avoid doing. I saw his proud spirit was humbled, believed him truly penitent: could I help forgiving him, and yet hope to be forgiven! Could I refuse to intercede for him, and expect my Saviour to intercede for me!”

Captain Darrick had began to take some interest in religion—he had become regular in reading the Scriptures and in his devotional exercises—had set himself to break off his evil habits, and earnestly sought God’s help to enable him to do so. And yet, he often found himself involved in feelings and actions which his conscience disapproved. He looked much to his friend George for advice and encouragement, and often did these two take sweet counsel together.

George Dilloway had taken God’s word for the rule of his life; and when he found himself cut off from other means of grace, he had become more diligent in studying it:



he had become much more decided in his religious character, since he found himself alone, dependent only upon his God. But in general, a Christian experiences only harm in cutting himself off from the means of grace, unless indeed he has done it to carry them to the destitute. Then, if he goes forth in the strength of his God, that God will be with him and bless *him* who would be a blessing to others.

George read in his Bible his Saviour's command to his disciples to convert the world, and remembered his shipmates. He thought too, that if he himself had been in the broad road to destruction, how thankful he should be to any one, who would direct his steps into the way of life ; and he resolved, to do as he would be done by. Often did the approving eye of his Heavenly Father rest upon him in the silent watches of the night, while seated by the side of the homeless sailor : and oftener still, did he urge upon his friend Darrick the importance of securing an Heavenly inheritance ; and with neither were his labors without effect.

As they approached the places where they were to begin their traffic with the natives, the two friends felt they were drawing nigh a scene of trial ; and both sought help, that their intercourse with the savages might be throughout, such as became Christian men.

Some weeks had elapsed since they passed the Cape, and they were becalmed one day under a small island. Several natives were seen along the shore, where a heavy surf was beating upon the rocks. Two of the Indians soon entered the surf, and in about half an hour, made their appearance alongside.

They were the first naked savages George had seen ; and they caused in him a very unpleasant sensation, especially, as one of them was a woman. He immediately brought out one of his own shirts, and directed her to the cabin to put it on.

The Wyheenee, (woman,) shew much readiness in appropriating the garment to her own use, thursting her lower members

into the sleeves thereof ; then tying the flaps over her shoulders, she soon made her appearance upon deck, proudly strutting about with the nicely plaited frill flowing before her.

The crew were much amused at her appearance, and captain Darrick told his friend, that his wardrobe would not hold out long, if he undertook to clothe all the naked savages he should meet with. As to himself, he had been so much accustomed in his former voyages to see Indians in a state of nature, that he did not think of it : and George himself, soon became accustomed to the sight ; but he could never cease to pity them, and to wish that Christians would make more efforts, to civilize their habits and to Christianize their souls.

The two Indians had brought off, each a bunch of cocoanuts to dispose of. George had seen the fruit as they are brought singly from the West Indies : but never before had he seen the nuts as they grow together, like a bunch of huge grapes. He was amused

at the facility with which the Indian stripped off the outer bark : when that was done, he struck the small end against the edge of the anchor's fluke, and a round piece scaled off about two inches in diameter, leaving a handy drinking cup filled with a sparkling liquor.

George was delighted with the lively juice of the young nut, with the refreshing qualities of which, none can be acquainted who have only seen the imported fruit. As used in the countries where it grows, before the meat has been formed, or when it is only of a creamy consistency, the juice is of a lively sparkling quality, and a delightful beverage in a hot climate.

It may be supposed the natives found a ready sale for their merchandize : but the man could not obtain the article he was chiefly in quest of. He was a Tahitian, and had been left at this island, some hundred miles from his home, by a British ship. He had learned a little broken English, and also some English vices ; among these was the habit of chewing, and he was now very eager for some tobacco.

Now it so happened, that this was an article in great demand on board the *Alno-muc*, the store of this precious commodity being almost exhausted. The sailors had become very economical in their use of this luxury, in which they all delighted : and each one carefully laid by his "old soldiers," to be re-chewed. Some indeed had entirely exhausted their stock, and it was not uncommon for them, occasionally, to borrow a soldier from their more fortunate shipmates ; and when they had enjoyed it for a while, it was punctually returned, to be chewed again by the rightful owner.

When the Indian found he could neither buy, beg, nor borrow, a single particle of the pernicious weed he had learned to love, he resolved to steal some if he could. Now Bob Ringtail was in the habit of storing his "old soldiers," for safe keeping, in one of the holes of the windlass on the starboard side. The Indian saw Bob make a deposit in this place, and scarce had the latter turned his back, when the Indian seized upon the treasure and clapped it into his own

mouth. Bob immediately discovered the theft, which, when the other perceived, he leapt over the ship's side into the water. Bob seized a boat hook and jumped into the chains ; as the Indian rose, he hooked upon him, and with the assistance of his ship-mates drew him on board.

All agreed that for such an offence he ought to be punished ; and Bob soon had him tied up by his two thumbs, and was about to inflict summary justice, when George Dilloway happened to come forward : " Hilloa Bob," he said, " what's to pay now ? "

" Why Sir, this 'ere chap's bin stealing my backey : and I's agoing to give him a taste of a tarred eend for it. May be he'll find it some harder to chaw, than an old soldier ! "

" But you an't going to flog the poor fellow for taking a bit of tobacco ? "

" To be sure I be Sir ; backey's backey now you know. "

This was a proposition which could not be denied ; so Bob continued :

“ There’s but little in the ship Sir, and soon there’ll be none, and then I don’t know what we’ll do. If the fellow had carried off my dinner, or stolen my jacket, I shouldn’t ha’ cared : a man can do on a pinch without his dinner, and git along well enough without a jacket in sich a climate as this, but how he’s to git on without backey, is more as I can tell.”

The Indian finding George was disposed to take his part, begged hard with him in his broken English to get him clear, and George resolved if possible that he would : so he told Bob Ringtail if he’d let the poor fellow go, he’d give him some tobacco.

George remembered that in the bottom of one of his trunks, was a quantity of this dirty luxury, which he himself detested in every form. His father had placed it there, that he might be enabled to make a present to the sailors, when their own store should be exhausted. George now thought a few heads were well bestowed, in saving the poor Indian from his threatened punishment. Bob was satisfied, and felt even rich in his

new acquisition : he now very readily released his prisoner, who immediately, when he found himself at liberty, dove into the water and was soon on his way to the shore.

The next morning the ship was lying in a tolerably good roadstead, some miles from the spot where she had been becalmed. Here, captain Darrick had brought his vessel to, in order to obtain some refreshments for the ship's company, after their long passage. A number of canoes were alongside with various articles to dispose of : some had a hog or two, to barter for the much coveted articles on board the ship—for a few nails, or bits of iron hoop, or Dutch looking glasses or beads. Some had a few fowls—others cocoanuts or yams : others again had fish, and one canoe there was, in which were a couple of large bunches of fine ripe banannas.

This fruit is of an oblong form and about six inches in length, and being of a fine golden color, and several hundreds growing



together around a single stem, the bunches have a very rich appearance. They are a very luscious, and also a very healthy fruit.

There were three Indians in the canoe, and captain Darrick sought in vain to purchase their commodity: nothing that he thought proper to offer, would be received as an equivalent till George Dilloway came on deck. One of the Indians then came forward, and presented him with the fruit.

It was the same young Tahitian who had stolen the tobacco. He wished much to return to his own country: and in his broken English, he expressed his desire to George to be received as a sailor on board the ship, in the hope that she would touch there in the course of her voyage. The natives of the South Sea islands, are very handy on board a ship in doing the light work: captain Darrick had intended to take two or three in his vessel, to reinforce his crew before going upon the Northwest coast. He therefore very readily acceded to the wishes of the Tahitian.

Wass, for that was the name by which

the new comer called himself, had brought off his wardrobe with him. It consisted of the fragment of a shirt, and a pair of ragged canvass trowsers, which he had carried from the ship he before had sailed in. Being received into the ship's company, he quickly displaced the native waistcloth which before had been his only garment, and having put on his sailor habiliments, he strutted about with much apparent satisfaction among his half naked, quondam associates, evidently feeling himself much their superior.

Wass proved himself very handy on board the vessel. He was fond of assisting George, and the latter often employed him when he was not engaged in ship's duty ; for he found he could work very neatly, and was overpaid by any trifle George had a mind to give him.

## CHAPTER XI.

## THE CONSPIRACY.

WEEKS and months passed away, and the Alnomuc had travelled thousands of miles of the dark blue ocean in the prosecution of her voyage. We now find her, in an harbor on the Northwest coast of America.

She had touched at several islands of the Pacific on her way, and captain Darrick had taken on board a number of the natives to assist in ship's duty, as also to help in defending the vessel, during the more dangerous part of the voyage on which he had entered : for the Indians on the Northwest coast, are far more savage in their dispositions, and less to be trusted than those at the islands.

Among these fresh hands however, none proved more intelligent and trustworthy, than Wass, the Tahitian. At the suggestion of the supercargo, captain Darrick took

him into the cabin as assistant steward : he was chiefly employed in helping George to arrange his articles of trade, in which business he could make himself very useful, having before been upon the coast, and having some knowledge of the languages spoken there.

Captain Darrick had received strict orders from his owners, with regard to his intercourse with the natives. He was to keep his boarding nettings always hoisted while in harbor on the coast, and never to permit any Indians to come on board till he had ascertained their disposition. When he did allow any to enter the ship, it was to be in small numbers, and he was always to keep a portion of his crew armed. Accordingly on the passage out, the seamen had been employed in making the nets ; and as they approached the coast they were got up and secured to the quarter railing all round the ship.

“ This is all nonsense,” said captain Darrick, when he saw his arrangement com-

pleted : " no one that had been on the coast, would ever give such orders."

" Well, well Dick," replied George Dilloway, " it's best to be on the safe side, and at any rate to obey orders."

" They say you must obey orders, if you break owners : but as to safety, I should be sorry if I couldn't keep my ship, with the crew I've got, against all the Indians upon the coast."

" And yet many a ship has been taken there, and many a brave fellow cut off, by these same savages you despise so much !"

" But no ship ever ought to be cut off, and never would be, if she was managed right."

" That is, if proper precautions were taken."

" Yes, *proper* precautions."

Soon after this conversation the Alnomuc was at anchor among a group of islands off the coast ; they appeared like a parcel of specks, scattered over the face of the water both landward and seaward, while the misty outline of a range of lofty mountains

in the distance, marked the course of the main land. The good ship was completely locked in by the islands, so that the water in which she lay, was as smooth as a mill pond. She was surrounded by numerous Indian canoes, the natives in which, looked up with astonishment at the lofty boarding nets, which forbade all ingress to the vessel.

They had been accustomed to go freely on board such ships, as came among them for purposes of trade ; for though these were always provided with boarding nets, they were seldom used.

Captain Darrick and the supercargo, found that the practice of excluding the natives interfered much with their trade, and the business of the voyage went on but slowly. The pride of the former too, was much hurt in adopting what he thought pusillanimous measures : even the Indians as they stood in their canoes at a distance, to barter their skins, laughed at them for their caution, calling them cowards and women.

George Dilloway cared not for their re-







marks, and he persuaded his friend to disregard them : but he found the interests of the voyage would suffer from the course he was pursuing. Moreover, he was satisfied the natives were but children in intellect and in courage, and that a few resolute white men, well armed, need not fear their numbers, however great : he was therefore in favor of admitting them on board the vessel.

It was true they were children, in most intellectual and moral attainments ; but their very want of courage, inspired them with a degree of cunning, that made them most fearful enemies ; and in their spirit of revenge, they were real fiends.

George was in a measure aware of these traits of their character : but he also believed them to be a well disposed people, and that when *well* treated, there was little danger to be apprehended from them. In this he was right, and he would have been safe from any attempt on their part, had no others of his countrymen had intercourse with them. From neglecting to take this

into the calculation, many ships have been cut off in visiting savage nations.

As it is with civilized nations, so also it is with those they call savages : when an individual does an injury, it is visited upon such of his countrymen as circumstances expose to the fury of the injured party. In both cases, it is almost always the innocent who suffer, while the guilty escape : so much for the justice of all wars, whether savage or civilized.

With regard to the Indians on the Northwest coast of America, they who injure them can seldom be made the objects of their vengeance. These of course, take good care to guard against surprise, and are in general too strong and too well armed to be injured by open force, even had the Indian the courage to attempt it. Their floating castles too, soon carry them beyond the reach of danger.

The injury then, must be visited on the first innocent countryman of the aggressor, who unconsciously, exposes himself to the fury of the injured party, or the savage

must forego his revenge. This no man whether savage or civilized, will willingly do, while the human heart remains what it is ; for revenge is sweet to the natural heart. But when the feelings and affections become sanctified by divine grace, that heart will be changed. This is the only means, by which peace can be restored to the earth : the friends of peace, will find every effort vain, except as it is directed to the extension of the Gospel of peace.

When the Indians were first admitted on board the *Alnomuc*, the crew were kept armed and at their quarters while any number of them were on board. This captain Darrick did, rather with a view to his instructions and to satisfy his friend George, than from any feeling of insecurity. The ship visited many places on the coast, and had prospered in her trade : for the Indians, accustomed to be imposed upon by the traders in every possible way, when they found there was a disposition to treat them fairly, were very eager in bringing their furs

on board the Alnomuc. They appeared to be harmless and inoffensive, and as familiarity generally generates carelessness, so it was on board the vessel : the officers by degrees, began to call the men off to the performance of ship's duty, till at last, no guard was left while the Indians were allowed to crowd the deck, and no one dreamed of danger.

Thus it was when the ship arrived at Nookatuc Bay. Now the Nookatuc Indians, were known to be a very formidable tribe—cunning, savage and implacable, and very bloody in their revenge. They now appeared very friendly, flocking to the ship with great quantities of very fine furs, and a brisk trade was carried on.

Wass however soon discovered that something was going wrong, and took every opportunity to listen to their talks. He found they had been injured, and were meditating revenge. He told the supercargo what he had heard, who communicated it to the captain. The Tahitian had once before reported a conspiracy among the In-

dians, but it did not end in any thing : so captain Darrick paid little attention to what he said now. He did not consider that the danger had before, probably, been averted by the preparations to meet it.

One day, Wass observed that none of their women accompanied the Indians on board, and that each one of the latter had a blanket over his shoulders. "Dem feller make fight to-day, Massa Dilloway," he said, "all, eb'ry one, hab dagger under blanket." George pointed out these circumstances to the captain : but captain Darrick was stubborn, and like most men of his class, foolhardy, and ashamed to take precautions against a foe he despised. Nevertheless, he took care to see that his arms were in good order and at hand, and allowed George to place a guard of the idlers in the main top, where was an arm chest well stored with blunderbusses. George's guard, consisted of Wass and two or three Sandwich Islanders under the command of Land Crab, the tailor. The rest of the crew were busy in the hold, and George himself when

he had posted the guard, was imprudent enough to allow himself to be absorbed in trade, and forgot all about the conspiracy.

Business was very brisk; and in the course of it, Captain Darrick had occasion to go to the cabin for some article of trade. He observed, that two of the stoutest chiefs followed him: this was no unusual thing, but he determined to keep an eye on them. They stopped at the cabin door, and he saw they were holding communication with some one at the gangway. He cast his eye into his berth to ascertain that his pistols were handy, then stooped to open his chest.

He first opened a Dutch looking glass, that he might watch his customers. He had no sooner laid it before him, than a ray of light was reflected from its surface: it was a sunbeam on the point of a dagger already raised for his destruction. Darrick sprang for his pistols and turned upon his foes. They were already within striking distance, but his finger was on the trigger,—the flash—the report—the fierce death







bound of his assailants, and their unearthly dying shriek were almost simultaneous. The one struck his head on the ceiling of the cabin and fell where he was—the other pitched upon the open chest, in the death agony, striking his weapon deep among its contents.

The chief at the gangway had given the signal, which was obeyed in the cabin and on deck at the same moment: every blanket was dropped, every dagger unsheathed. George was carelessly looking over the side into a canoe, when a long drawn shrill “Aigh,” from his guard in the top drew his attention. He turned hastily—there was a dagger already gleaming above him in the hand of a naked savage. George’s right hand was instantly on the throat of the Indian, while his left seized the arm that lifted the weapon. There were scores of naked daggers about him as sharp as that; but the natives who held them, were already plunging into the water; the report in the cabin had startled them, and the discharge from the main top, where

Land Crab spite of his dread of fire arms, played his part most manfully, and above all, the threatening aspect of captain Dar-rick who rushed on deck covered with blood, with his keen broad sword glittering in his hand, convinced them that they had failed in their attempt, and each one shifted for himself as well as he could. The crew too coming up from the hold, headed by Durky who was now second mate, helped to hasten their retreat.

## CHAPTER XII.

## CONCLUSION.

DURKY had been made second mate, in room of the former officer who had proved to be intemperate. He had received a caution from George, to be ready at a moment's warning. When therefore he heard the report of the pistols, he had sprung upon deck, armed with a heaver—a heavy oaken stick, some three feet in length by five or six inches in circumference, a deadly weapon in such an hand.

Formerly it would have been his delight to use it, but now he was a changed man. Seeing therefore, that the Indians were in full retreat, he threw away his stick ; and contented himself with pitching such as he could lay hold of into the water.

As to captain Darrick, though he now professed to be a disciple of Jesus, he was too much excited to think of mercy, especially, when he saw a dagger drawn upon

his friend George. He flung aloft his broadsword, and rushed towards the Indian with whom George was still struggling. The poor savage seeing death impending, sunk to the deck, and clasping George's knees begged earnestly for his life. The young man was unwilling to see shed the blood of a fellow creature : he stooped forward to protect the poor wretch : " Show mercy, captain Darrick," he said, " show mercy, if you would ask it of God."

The captain's weapon was lowered and his countenance changed : " How is it George, that you have always your religion about you, while I, when my passions are excited, always forget mine ?"

" I'm not sure that it's just so, Darrick : but yet I always do *wish* to remember God, for I know he is never forgetful of me. There is one thing however I had determined to observe this voyage, and that is, to do to others as I would have them do to me. And I felt particularly called to do so with regard to these poor Indians. If I were to beg my life of any one, I know how I would have *him* act."

“ But then the rascals have been so treacherous ! ”

“ If my Saviour did not despise me because of my wickedness, I ought not to refuse mercy to *any* of his creatures. There surely is more difference between him and me, than there is between me and this poor savage. Perhaps, considering our advantages, he is no worse than I am.”

“ Well George, you’ve acted on your rule nobly this voyage, and you’ve been blessed for it : I’m sure you’ve been a blessing to me too. After all, I believe it’s the best principle to go upon, even if a person is governed only by selfish motives.”

Captain Darrick and his friend, continued their conversation at intervals, as they had opportunity while busy clearing up the ship. Meantime the chief who had given rise to it, had been detained a prisoner, and committed to the custody of Wass.

It was about three hours after the Indians had left the vessel, when a canoe was seen approaching from the shore : there were in it a woman and a small boy, for not a man

dare come near the ship. As the canoe drew along side, the woman took a bundle of otter skins upon her back, and climbed over the gangway. It was the wife of the Chieftain, come to ransom her husband.

Neither captain Darrick nor his friend, could help shedding tears, when they saw the faithfulness of the poor creature. The former remembered her, he had left in his own land; and he blessed God who had provided woman, as a help meet for the man whom he had made.

It may be supposed, captain Darrick very readily liberated the chieftain at the intercession of his wife, who was overjoyed, when she saw him once more at liberty. She threw down her package of skins at the feet of the captain: the skins would be valued at several hundred dollars in Canton, yet both she and her husband, refused to receive any thing in return, so grateful were they for the preservation of his life. Moreover, he freely communicated to the supercargo, the intelligence that the conspiracy had extended to two other places on the

coast, where the Indians intended to make an attempt upon the ship, should she visit them.

George was thankful for this information, which would place them on their guard ; and captain Darrick, expressed his surprise at finding so much honesty in a Northwest Indian. “ ‘The events of this voyage,’ ” he said, “ ‘have convinced me, that no one can ever be a loser even in this world by acting on Christian principles. The old saying is true that it is ‘folly to throw away the good will of a dog?’ We’ve had it proved, that no one is so abandoned and no one so ignorant, that they cannot be sensible of a kindness : nor is any so weak that he cannot find opportunity to return it. And since we find it now in one of the degraded natives of this coast, we may consider gratitude as a prevailing trait in the human character.”

“It is very far from being shown by all who receive kindness :” George replied, “nevertheless, I believe it is the best policy to do to others as we would have them do

to us, even if we consider only the present benefit to ourselves. And we can never lose our reward for doing good to our fellow creatures, even should we receive no return of gratitude from them : the Saviour for whose sake we do it, will see us recompensed. However I have no doubt that gratitude is a feeling natural to every human heart : and yet, when the greatest benefits have been received, there is frequently no return of gratitude ! ”

“ I don’t remember any such instance.”

“ I think you must have known many. Suppose when you was about to cut down that chief, I had seen no other way to save him but by bowing my head over his, and that I had thus received the blow on my own neck, and lost my life to preserve his. Do you not think he would be worse than a brute if he had felt no sense of gratitude ? ”

“ Surely I do.”

“ Certainly a man can show no greater love, than to lay down his life for his friend. What must we say then of him, who dies for his enemy ! And how many are there,



who know that the meek and gentle Jesus suffered and died for their sake, and yet, continue unmindful of his benefits—and still, remain his enemies ! ”

“ I am ashamed to think, how many years it was so with me. Most men would be ashamed of ingratitude to a fellow creature, who still forget their greatest Benefactor ! ”

“ And of those who have submitted to Christ, who call themselves by his name, and are hoping for salvation through his blood, how many are there, who make a return of love in any measure proportioned to the benefits they have received at his hand. If they loved him, would they not keep his commandments : if they did that, would not more efforts be made for the conversion of the heathen world ; and then, even these poor Indians would become less degraded. Surely Christians should do, as they would be done by : if they were groping in darkness and in the region of the shadow of death, would they not be thankful to any, who would cast a light upon their path : if they were going on to certain

destruction, would they not be glad, if any one would direct them into the way of life. If they could come in contact with these poor degraded creatures, as we have, Dar-rick, this voyage, I think they would be more active to do them good as I hope we shall be hereafter."

If any reader of these pages, has heretofore, been forgetful of the Saviour's kindness in dying for him, I hope he will now repent of his base ingratitude. But if he be a professed disciple of Jesus, I trust he will not be content to wrap himself up in his own mercies, forgetful of those for whom the same Redeemer died, but who are still dwelling in heathen darkness.







